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THE BISHOPS AT GLASTONBURY: THE PROCESSION FROM ST. JOHN'S CHURCH TO THE ABBEY RUINS.—[From a Photograph by Ivor Castle, Bristol.]

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The statement of the Commander-in-Chief that to carry the colours into battle under the modern conditions of warfare will be an act of suicide is no doubt well grounded. They would only be a mark for "weapons of precision," while the victim would, from a military point of view, fall in vain, since his rank would not be high enough to give promotion. It is, however, a serious blow to the romance of war. To expire with the colours wrapped round one used to be considered quite the most noble exit from the field of battle; it would now only suggest fitness for a lunatic asylum. Who on venturing into a field with a bull in it would unnecessarily wave a red rag? The "colours" are just as certain to provoke the attention of the Lee-Metford. To judge from the performances at Bisley, the idea of a rifleman standing erect has almost been discarded; he approaches the enemy upon his stomach, or awaits him on his back, with the delusive appearance of being about to fire, from some chivalric notion, into the air. To a warrior of "The Fifties" these attitudes must be very confusing.

A much greater revolution in warfare will, however, be effected if anything comes of the new French rifle which discharges vitriol instead of bullets. It is amazing how a member of so gullant a nation should have invented such a weapon. Heroes do not fear death, but naturally shrink from disfigurement. The Duke of Wellington, we are told in the Latin Grammar (comic), would "walk among the cannon-balls, him not caring one blow"; but even the great Duke would hardly have exhibited the same indifference to rifles squirting vitriol. No decent-looking soldier will be got to face them; they will have to be approached backwards. This will entail a new system of drill. Think of a whole regiment charging backwards! If both forces are possessed of this novel weapon, the spectacle will be doubly entertaining. Our ideas will not only be transformed, but inverted. When our warriors return, they will no longer exhibit with pride the wounds they have received in front—quite the reverse; the more behind the better. "Those between the shoulders (you can see them better than I can) were received when I carried the vitriol battery, and those lower down when I volunteered for the forlorn hope." Ancient warriors who have been wounded, as it were, in the old places will have to make explanations: "It was before the vitriol days, you see, when we used to face the enemy."

It is curious how much "orders" are valued, even by people who have never earned them—

All for a handful of silver he left us;
All for a jewel to stick in his coat.

The attraction of a handful of silver, even in the present depreciated state of the currency, can be understood, for, after all, there is nothing like ready-money; but that of the jewel, which is rarely, I believe, a real one, is less intelligible. It is cheaper to "stick in one's coat" than a buttonhole, indeed, and lasts much longer, but otherwise its value in nine cases out of ten is absolutely nil. The Garter, the Bath, and a few others are recognisable at sight, but in the vast majority of cases the beholder no more knows what it is than why the possessor has had it conferred upon him. One of the most dreadful mistakes ever committed was caused by an order in combination with an unfortunate resemblance. A friend of mine had a Colonial acquaintance who was very like a certain eminent diplomatist, and plumed himself upon it. My friend met him one evening at a reception, with ever so large a star on his breast. "Oh, come, Jack, this won't do! I don't believe there are orders of *that* size in the other hemisphere. Where did you get it from?" The much decorated one smiled sweetly on him, and replied in excellent English, "I received it from my Sovereign, Sir; I think you are in some error. I am the—Ambassador." To receive an order and, as often happens when it comes from a foreign potentate, not to be permitted to wear it must be very unsatisfactory, like being in a crowd and not being allowed to push. The Czar of Russia has bestowed six orders of St. Stanislas upon the gardeners of the Hôtel de Ville, in recognition of their services when he was in Paris. As the tax for wearing a decoration in France is £4 a year, it is probable they will have to keep them in their pockets, where they would much rather have half-a-crown. His Majesty of Siam is as liberal with his orders as a theatrical manager. The Duke of York, I read, had one given to him the other day, and will, doubtless, wear it if he has room for it; but if a similar honour was conferred on me, I should have to ask leave. And in the case of one at least at his Majesty's disposal I should certainly not get it. He has given an Italian painter (for painting one of his wives from a photograph) "the Grand Cross of the Siamese Crown." It is rather a large order. "This cross," said his Majesty graciously, "will entitle you to marry twelve wives; it is a distinction I seldom confer, so I hope you will soon make good use of it."

The individual who is making the most sensation in England just now is the Aldabra tortoise in the Zoological Gardens. To persons who admire longevity he stands—if a tortoise could be got there—at the top of the tree. He not only beats the record as being probably the oldest creature in the world, but began before records were.

He is immemorial, and may possibly be everlasting. He has had so many Jubilees that they count for less than birthdays. If that tongue (if it has a tongue) could but tell us what those orbs have seen! A tortoise can, I suppose, be interviewed like anybody else, and if the interviewer knows his business, be made to speak. His early reminiscences, unlike those of the human autobiographer, would be immensely interesting. Very likely—well, perhaps, not very likely, but possibly—he may be the same tortoise that split the skull of Æschylus. We know what became of the poet, but not of him. He must have had a fall, worse than anything known on the Stock Exchange. But there may have been a "recovery"; it is known that he fell upon his back, and that takes a deal of breaking. In youth the tortoise is subject to accidents, like the human infant; not that he cares about being "dropped," of course, or catching the measles. But adjutants—birds—swallow him like an oyster, and digest him with equal ease; by the time, however, he weighs two hundred pounds "he is practically invulnerable as regards bird or beast." Among civilised nations, at all events, he is never eaten, in which he has a great advantage over his first cousin, the turtle. It may be sung of him as of the nightingale—

Thou wast not born for death, immortal T,
No hungry generations tread thee down!

It is curious that his example has not been quoted by the admirers of centenarianism: what must be the mode of life that prolongs it for a thousand years must be good for a hundred. He is a vegetarian; he lives in a hole, and sleeps tremendously. This is not unlike what one would expect. But, on the other hand, he is exceedingly amatory. The "love of the turtle" has been eulogised by the poet, and that of the tortoise is equally energetic; he is not, I regret to say, so famous for fidelity as for susceptibility, and his devotion to the fair sex only endures for the summer months. It is difficult to associate this butterfly existence with his stolid and respectable appearance, but there have been human philosophers who have exhibited the same inconsistency. "He is capable of recognising the hand that feeds him," but not the hand that strokes him. "You might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's," as that great natural historian, Sydney Smith, informs us, "to please the Dean and Chapter." He is also impervious to humour. I read that a family tortoise who crossed a lawn of 24 ft. long on a day of twenty-four hours, and was called Fullerton (after the champion greyhound) in consequence, was absolutely indifferent to it—neither pleased nor displeased. One observes the same apathy in most cases of longevity.

The views and opinions of the master of a public school have lately been elicited by an interviewer; but a Head Master's opinion of boys is about as much to be relied on as a jail chaplain's upon his flock. As the Scotch metaphysician observed when arguing with the prize-fighter, they are "not upon the same plane of thought." They have also excellent reasons for deceiving one another. There is this difference, however, between them, that Head Masters deceive themselves, and boys never. I was once a guest of one of the former who had a wife, and a very pretty one, who had an ingrained habit of speaking the truth. This is very well in certain positions in life, but not in all. However, my visit happened in vacation time, when it did not do so much matter. We were talking after dinner of corporal punishment for school offences, and I am afraid I did not treat the question with the seriousness it deserves. My memory reverted to Dr. Hawtreys, the most dignified of the wielders of the birch. "First fault if you please, Sir." "But I think I remember your name." "My brother perhaps, Sir." "I like that 'perhaps,'" said my hostess. "That boy must have had unusual scruples." There are some other anecdotes which she evidently enjoyed more than her husband. "The fact is," he said, with a gentle gravity, "we look upon the matter here in a very different way. The fact of a boy being 'swished,' as it seems you call it at Eton, we think degrading. By the boys themselves, when it does occur, which is very seldom, it is rarely mentioned; a certain delicate reticence is observed." "But in that case, my dear John," put in the lady, "how do you account for the cricket match that was played last term between the eleven who had been swished and the eleven who hadn't?" John was silent. I felt for my old friend, who had not always been a Head Master, nor, of course, always married, and proposed the cigar that had been promised me in the kitchen.

As for "disliking for ever afterwards" a Head Master who has swished one in the course of business, as the interviewer seems to have suggested, a man must, like the poet, indeed, be "dowered with the hate of hate" to harbour such a feeling. If he is swished unjustly, that is, of course, a different matter. I knew an Eton boy who thought this had happened to him in his last term, and when he came away, instead of placing the "leaving-money"—a ten pound note—on the Head Master's study table, as usual, put it into his own pocket. But I always thought that the bump of acquisition on that boy's head must have been quite as large as that of resentment. We cannot fancy anyone really liking the pompous and brutal Busby, and wish that the story of his being lured on board

ship and getting three dozen from a captain who had been one of his pupils was better authenticated. Of course the Head Master does not believe that bullying is now carried to any extent. He tells us that "ragging" or "teasing" has taken its place; if so, it must have been imported from a young ladies' "seminary"; but bullying, unfortunately, is a matter about which a Head Master is the very last individual to know anything about. In one of the observations made to the interviewer we may cordially concur. "There is a class of boys who, I frankly confess, are hardly fitted for public school life at all; but the tendency nowadays is to send boys to public schools whether they are fitted for them or not."

The King of Siam is, I am persuaded, a very good fellow, and the wicked stories that are told of his "goings on" at home must be taken with more than a pinch of salt. No Eastern potentate with a son being educated in England has visited these shores of whom it has not been said that to celebrate that son's passing his "little go" a hundred youths and maidens had their heads cut off in his native land. Even if it were true, we have not heard his Majesty's view of the matter, and an ill-tempered monarch, it must be remembered, would have probably done worse had his son not passed his "little go." But the whole thing is, I believe, an invention, and the young people were probably butchered to make a paragraph. When there are no serpents, try Siam. What I like his Majesty for is his taste for sensation, and presumably for sensation novels. "Where is Mary?" was his first inquiry on his visit to Westminster Abbey. He meant the Queen of Scots, and was interested in her because her head was cut off. In his eyes it gave her distinction. Disappointed in his first inquiry, he is then said to have essayed a second. "Where's the other one?" The Royal Martyr's name had escaped his memory, but he remembered his fate. I feel sure that a good "bluggy" serial in the *Siam Court Journal* would have his Majesty's countenance. I wonder what it pays *per thousand words*!

It is some time since we had a good "manufacturing novel." It requires, in general, a special knowledge and even a special education, and there have been few successes in this line without them. Disraeli was not very fortunate in his excursions in this direction, while Mrs. Gaskell, a mistress of the subject, bore away the (factory) bell. Even Dickens, who seldom touched anything he did not adorn, was not successful, at least by comparison with his other works, when treating of this matter; he is obviously not "at home" in "Hard Times." There are some persons, indeed, who say that it is his best novel, just as there are persons who prefer "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost"; but though Mr. Boudierby, "the Whelp," and Mr. Seary are good, and Louisa Gradgrind excellent, the "hands," including Stephen himself, give the impression, like the articles they produce, of being "made to order." It is, therefore, to Mr. Barr's credit, who, I conclude, is an outsider as regards this subject, that he has contrived to impart the interest one finds in "The Mutable Many." Trade Unions may or may not be practical in their views, but they certainly do not lend themselves to Fiction. The struggle between Sartwell the manager and his employes is, however, quite exciting. An honest, masterful fellow without sentiment is not easy to invest with interest, but this man attracts us as it were in spite of ourselves, and much more than the equally honest but far less intelligent Marston, who, though he fills the post of the hero, is, like our giants, rather weak-kneed. When the strike is at the highest, and danger to life and limb threatens him, Sartwell rises to the occasion; the firm wavers, especially after one of them has been ill-treated in the street, but not he; when the day's work (got through by "blacklegs") is over, he goes out alone and unprotected through the surging throng, with his slim, trim umbrella as usual. At his appearance—

An instantaneous hush fell upon the crowd. The cry of a hawker in a distant street was heard. Every man knew that the flinging of a missile, or the upraising of an arm even, would be as a spark in a powder-mine. Let but one stroke fall, and all the police in London could not have saved the life of the man who was walking across the cleared space from the gates towards the crowd. The mass of silent humanity had but to move forward, and Sartwell's life would be crushed out on the paving-stones.

But the manager, without pause, yet without hurry, walked across the intervening area with evident confidence that the men would make way for him. There was no sign of fear in his manner, nor, on the other hand, was there any trace of swaggering authority about him; but there was in the glance of his steely eye and the poise of his head that indefinable something which stamps a man with the air of master; which commands obedience, instant and unquestioned.

The crowd parted before him, and he cast no look over his shoulder. Habit being strong, one or two raised hand to forelock as he passed, getting in return the same curt nod with which Sartwell had always acknowledged such salutation. The human ocean parted before him, as did the Red Sea before the Hebrew leader, and the manager passed through unscathed.

"God A'mighty!" cried Braunt, towering above his fellows and shaking his fist at the unoffending sky, "Ah've seen in ma life one brave man!"

The Union secretary, Gibbons, is rather a weak copy of "Slackbridge, the delegate," but Barney Hope, the artist, who can't paint, is, if somewhat of a caricature, a striking character, and attracts us in spite of his foibles. The heroine, Edna, like some even of Walter Scott's heroines, is not quite "strong enough for the place," but we are all well pleased when she finds a "situation" that suits her.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BISHOPS AT GLASTONBURY.

The most picturesque and in many respects the most interesting incident connected with the great gathering of Bishops for the recently concluded Lambeth Conference has been the pilgrimage made by upwards of a hundred of them to Glastonbury, in "the island valley of Avilion," the traditional site of the earliest Christian church in England—namely, that famous "wattled" shrine founded by St. Joseph of Arimathea but a few years after the Crucifixion. Whatever be the exact amount of truth in this ancient tradition, which has been handed down unfalteringly in ecclesiastical legend from prehistoric times, a great church was certainly erected at Glastonbury by King Ina in the eighth century on the site of a still more ancient structure which was even then rich in association as the immediate successor of St. Joseph's original church. This intermediate building was supposed to be the burial-place of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, and of St. Patrick the younger. Ina's church was destroyed by the Danes, but was rebuilt by St. Dunstan, during the reigns of Edmund, Edred, and Edgar. The Normans raised a more imposing structure, which was destroyed by fire in 1184. The edifice, of which there now remains a beautiful chapel, with parts of the choir, nave, and transept bays, and two piers of the tower, was constructed in the twelfth and partly in the following century. On Tuesday in last week the great gathering of Bishops, which included many occupants of Colonial sees from distant quarters of the Empire, journeyed from London to the little old-world town of Glastonbury, where they were received by the Mayor and Corporation and the local clergy. There they walked in procession in their episcopal robes to the ruins of the ancient Abbey, preceded by a choir, and with processional cross and banners borne high aloft. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided in full state, taking his seat in the choir, in front of the site of the former altar, with the Bishop of Bath and Wells on his right hand. After the chanting of the Litany, the Lord's Prayer, two Psalms, the Apostles' Creed, and three Collects were repeated, and the hymn, "O God, our hope in ages past," was sung; a sermon was then preached by the Bishop of Stepney, Bishop-Designate of Bristol; the American Bishop of Albany read a message from the Episcopal Church in the United States; the "Magnificat," the Benediction, and the "Nunc Dimittis" brought this service to a close.

GOLDEN KLONDIKE!

That remotest and naturally most uninviting north-western corner of the vast British American dominion approaching the Arctic Regions, where the tricky demon of human cupidity has pointed to auriferous rocks whose supposed riches may lure myriads of swarming gold-scamblers from California, Australia, South Africa, New Guinea, and other lands, continues to be paraded in advertisements of new mining companies, and in reports, more or less authentic, of lucky finds and hits, mingled with some warning tales of extreme hardship and peril. For Klondike's geographical situation and climate in winter, that is to say, for nine or ten months of the year, if all that is said by travellers who "never thought of gold be true, might be likened to a monster of ancient fable sternly on the watch for approaching victims of avarice in its rudest form, and ready to destroy innumerable lives of rashly adventurous mankind. "Don't think of going there in August; wait until next April; you'll be snowed up and frozen; you'll perish of fatigue and cold and starvation; why should you die, ye fools of Mammon?" is the cry of those who profess to know something about it, and who claim the credit due to superior wisdom because they would persuade men to stay at home. But along the Pacific coast of North America, and in all the Western States, and in several provinces of the Canadian Dominion, thousands of men are quitting their safe abodes and proved industries or trades, and making their way, at any cost, with certain loss of what they leave behind, to the nearest point whence conveyance, for limited numbers, either by sea to the shore of Alaska or overland from British Columbia, is deemed available.

YACHTING AT COWES.

The last three days of the Cowes week were on the whole more to the yachtsman's taste in their meteorological conditions than the opening days. Changeable winds, it is true, on Thursday baffled prophecy in the match for the Cowes Town Plate, and gave an easy victory to Mr. P. Donaldson's *Isolde*, and in the race for the German Emperor's Cup, won by Mr. T. C. Garth's *Hyacinth*, the tide told heavily against several of the yachts; but the good breeze of Thursday with which the Kaiser's *Meteor* won the Royal Yacht Squadron Prize in excellent form, and the stronger wind of the concluding day, on which the Prince of Wales's *Britannia* carried off the Meteor Challenge Shield given by the Kaiser, brought some good racing. In its social festivities this year's Cowes week has been one of the most brilliant yet known, though it cannot be considered a record year from the yachtsman's point of view. The fireworks and illuminations of the last evening but one formed one of the most effective features of the gay water carnival.

THE MURDERED PREMIER OF SPAIN.

In Spain, a horrible crime, perpetrated by a Neapolitan Anarchist, has put an end to the life of the eminent Prime Minister, Señor Canovas del Castillo. He was staying with his wife at the sea-bathing establishment of Santa Agueda, on the north coast; the Queen Regent and the young King were at San Sebastian, which is not far distant. The assassin, Michel Angiolino Golli, who called himself Rinaldini, had been connected with the Barcelona conspirators. He had been four days at the same hotel. On Sunday he approached the Minister while he sat reading a newspaper in the gallery, and shot him thrice with a revolver, causing speedy death.

Don Antonio Canovas del Castillo was born in Malaga in 1828, and was educated at Madrid, where he studied law, and entered the ranks of journalism while still quite young. In this period were produced the young author's two first works, a volume of poems, and "La Campana de Huesca," a novel drawn from legendary lore. To the charms of literature quickly succeeded the more powerful fascinations of the political arena, and the young Canovas entered the field in which he was to attain such distinction, being elected in 1852 to represent the city of Malaga in Parliament. Two years later, as Chargé d'Affaires at Rome, in the negotiations which took place resulting in the Concordat between Spain and the Holy See, the brilliant diplomatic talents of Don Antonio were strikingly evidenced. He was made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1861,

proved highly favourable to the Conservatives, and he was returned to office by a large majority. On the death of the young King, Canovas and the entire Conservative Cabinet retired, thus giving the Queen Regent ample liberty in the new order of things. On the day of his retirement, however, the outgoing Prime Minister was elected President of the Cortes. The year 1890 brought Canovas back into his old place, with a revised form of his Conservative Constitution of 1875 adapted to meet the growth of Liberalism; and in 1891, though a crisis occurred, he was again requested to form a new Ministry. In the last month of 1892, however, Canovas was obliged to resign, and was succeeded by Sagasta. He continued to lead the Opposition up to the spring of 1895, when the Liberal party went out of office as the result of a debate in the Cortes on a series of military disturbances. Sagasta's downfall meant the return of Canovas to the position which he held thenceforth up to the time of his tragic end.

THE KING OF SIAM IN ENGLAND.

His Majesty King Chulalongkorn on Wednesday, Aug. 4, went to visit Queen Victoria at Osborne. He was met on the pier at Portsmouth by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, with whom, on board the royal yacht *Albion*, he crossed the strait, and carriages were in waiting to bring the whole party to Osborne House. There was a guard of honour of the 2nd Camerons from Parkhurst Barracks. The King, attired in a white gold-laced uniform, was accompanied by his son, Prince Chira, and by Marquis Tejo, the Siamese Minister, Lord Salisbury, in Foreign Office uniform, with the officers of the Queen's Household, received him in the corridor, whence he was ushered into the presence of her Majesty. He partook of luncheon in the Indian Room, the Queen sitting at the long table, with the King on her right hand, the Prince of Wales on her left.

The Tower of London and the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park were sights not to be omitted by any visitor to this Metropolis. These places attracted King Chulalongkorn on Thursday. The regalia and jewels, the dungeons and place of beheading, the Armoury, in which is a collection of Siamese and Burmese weapons, were minutely inspected. After leaving the Tower, his Majesty was shown a modern engineering triumph—the Tower Bridge, with its movable portion uplifted for a passing vessel. Later in the day Lord Harris accompanied Chulalongkorn to the "Zoo." In the evening there was a dinner given by Phya Maha Yotha, at the Siamese Legation.

Friday was the day for quitting Buckingham Palace. The King went, with Lord Harris, to Camberley, adjacent to Sandhurst, the Crown Prince of Siam being there a pupil, getting preliminary tuition for the Military College. There was a garden-party, to which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughter came over from Bagshot. His Majesty, in the evening, withdrew to Taplow Court, near Maidenhead, his abode for the summer; but he has yet a round of country-house visits to perform: to the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, where he spent the Sunday; thence to Scotland, with city hospitalities at Edinburgh and Glasgow; and subsequently to the Earl of Jersey, in Oxfordshire.

HER MAJESTY'S HERALDS.

While not confined to a monarchical system like our own, the whole code of heraldry is to be seen at its greatest perfection under Kings and Queens. Previous to the twelfth century there were no such things as armorial bearings as we now understand them. Heraldry owed a great deal to the Crusaders, and the Holy Land and England soon adopted the fashion. These coats of arms then were, as an old writer has it, "invented by our wise ancestors to these 3 ends: The first was to honour and adorn the family of him that had well deserved towards his country; the second to him more worthy and famous above the rest which had not done merit, and thereby they might be provoked to do the like; the third was to differ out the several lignages and issues from the noble ancestor descending; so that the eldest borne might be known from the seconde and he from the third." The right to bear arms is looked after—none too strictly—by the College of Heralds, of which the head is the Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk. The College itself is the picturesque red-brick building in Queen Victoria Street, built on the site of Derby House: few people who pass the old house know, perhaps, what it is. Besides the Earl Marshal, the College consists of three Kings of Arms, six Heralds, and four Pursuivants. The Kings of Arms are Garter, Clarenceux, and Norrey. The first attends at the solemnities of election, investiture, and the installation of Knights of the Garter, whose order was created on the occasion of the Battle of Crecy. The Clarenceux King of Arms, who was named after the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., marshals and disposes the funerals of Knights on the south side of the Trent; while the Norrey King of Arms has a similar jurisdiction north of Trent. The six Heralds of the College are styled Somerset, Richmond, Lancaster, Windsor, Chester, and York; while the four Pursuivants are Rouge Dragon, Blue Mantle, Portcullis, and Rouge Croix. Tricked out in all their finery, these officers still represent the more picturesque glories of a throne such as our forefathers knew.

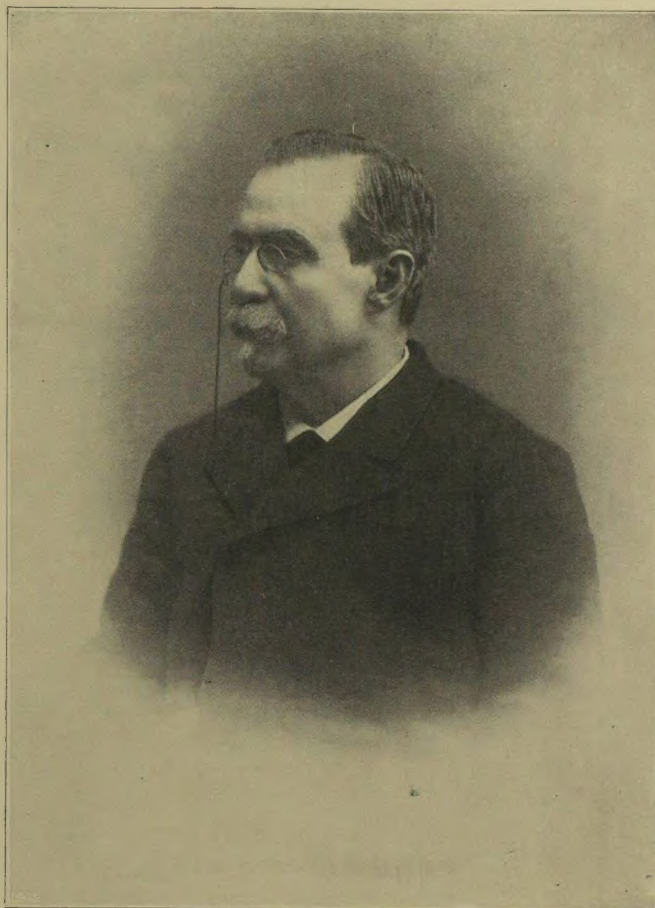


Photo Fernando Debas, Madrid.

DON ANTONIO CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, PRIME MINISTER OF SPAIN.

ASSASSINATED AUGUST 8.

and in 1864 he became a member of the Mon Cabinet as Minister for Home Affairs. This portfolio he exchanged in the O'Donnell Cabinet for that of Minister of the Colonies, when, to his lasting honour be it recorded, he brought in the first Bill proposed in the Spanish Cortes for the abolition of slavery. He took no part in the revolution of 1868, having been banished for political opinions just before that disastrous event.

Señor Canovas took an active part in the restoration of the Bourbons, which secured the throne to Alfonso the Twelfth and his descendants, and held the office of President of the Council of the Regency which administered the Government for a period before the actual arrival of the King in 1875. Before the year of restoration was out, however, he was made Prime Minister, and in 1876 was closely occupied by the second Carlist insurrection and the first Cuban revolt. The attitude of Martinez Campos in this revolution obliged Señor Canovas to recall him. The Prime Minister in 1879 begged the King that Martinez Campos might be promoted to the supreme power, and so arrange the Cuban question to his own satisfaction; but the opposition given to the new Prime Minister quickly induced his resignation, and Canovas took up the reins of government again in the same year, with a second Cuban revolt confronting him. The reactionary character of Castillo's political schemes and the discontent fomented against him by the coalition of Castelar's Republican party, the Dynastic Liberals, headed by Sagasta and Martinez Campos, obliged him to resign in 1881. Three years later, however, after the failure of the Sagasta Ministry, Señor Canovas was again requested to form a Cabinet. Wishing to prove the true opinion of the people, he dissolved the Cortes. The new elections

THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES: VIEWS AT JUNEAU AND ON THE CHILKOOT PASS ROUTE TO THE YUKON.



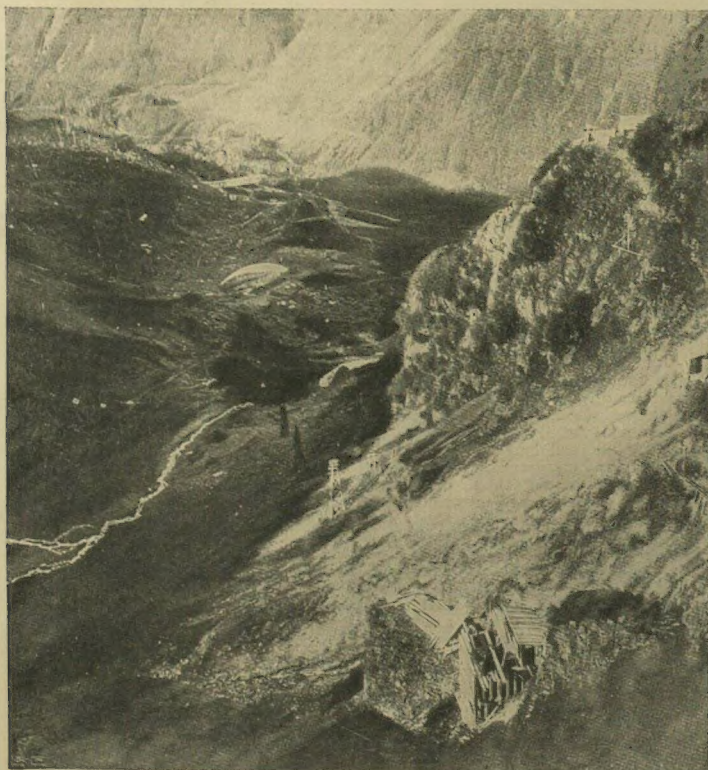
YUKONERS AT SHEEP-CAMP.



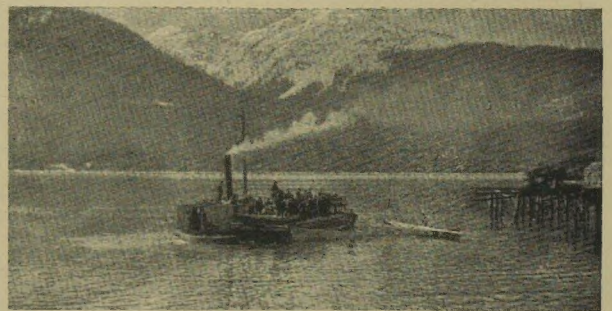
CAMP AT THE FORKS OF THE CANYON, DYEA.



ORE AT DAWSON CITY.



QUARTZ-MINING DISTRICT AT SEWARD CITY, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHILKOOT PASS.



MINERS LEAVING JUNEAU FOR THE YUKON.



LOG CABIN CHURCH, JUNEAU.



A MOONLIGHT IDYLL.

By F. Sargent.

PERSONAL.

By the death of "the People's Bishop," as Dr. Walsham How was affectionately called in East London in the days



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE LATE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

splendid work in East London, that work survived in such energetic organisations as the Oxford House, and various other religious and social settlements which have done much to bring sweetness and light into East-End life. Born at Shrewsbury in 1823, the young William Walsham How went from Shrewsbury School to Wadham College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1845. His first curacy was at St. George's, Kidderminster, and his second at Holy Cross, in his native town. After three years in Shrewsbury he accepted the living of Whittington, Shropshire, where he devoted close upon twenty-eight years to the carrying out of his ideal of the parish priesthood, and at the same time fulfilled the numerous duties of rural dean of Oswestry, diocesan school inspector, examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, and other ecclesiastical posts. In 1879 he left Shropshire for the new Suffragan Bishopric of Bedford, and his work in East London for the next ten years is writ large in the latter-day history of the English Church. He was translated to the new Bishopric of Wakefield in 1888.

Dr. Walsham How's many contributions to theological literature have had a very great popularity, and his "Pastor in Parochia," in particular, has had a far-reaching influence on the clergy and their congregations alike. It is as a hymn-writer that he is probably most widely known, however, many of his sacred lyrics, such as "O Jesu, Thou art Standing," "For all Thy Saints who from Their Labours Rest," "Summer Suns are Glowing," and "We Give Thee but Thine Own," having long since passed into the current coin of English hymnology.

The late Mr. Samuel Laing was a man of remarkably varied attainments which, in the course of his long life, won him considerable success alike as railway promoter, politician, and author. By family one of the Laings of Papdale, in the island of Orkney, he was born in 1810, and after gaining a second Wrangler-ship and a College Fellowship at Cambridge, was called to the Bar. A secretaryship to the then



Photo Dorney, Emory Street, S.W.

THE LATE MR. SAMUEL LAING.

President of the Board of Trade led to that of the newly formed Railway Department, and from the early forties to the time of his death Mr. Laing's name has been more or less prominently connected with railway development in this country, more particularly, of late years, as that of the Chairman of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company. Mr. Laing was returned to Parliament by the Liberals of Wick in 1852 and again in 1859, but resigned his seat to become Finance Minister in India. He subsequently held office as Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He represented Wick for another period of three years from 1865, and in 1873 was returned for Orkney and Shetland. Mr. Laing's literary success was the more remarkable in that it was unsought until comparatively late in his life. For the very reason that they are essentially popular rather than professorial, his "Modern Science and Modern Thought" (1885), and its successors, "Problems of the Future" and "Human Origins," occupy a distinct place in modern scientific literature, and for the large audience to which they appealed they had an instructive value of their own.

Lord Londonderry is still concerned for the fate of Conservative principles. He has declined to open a Conservative club on the ground that the conduct of the Government compels him to "consider" his position. He hopes, however, that the pleasure of opening the club is only postponed, a sentiment which seems to imply that in the interval Lord Salisbury is to see the error of his ways

and fall on Lord Londonderry's neck. Another discontented peer is Lord Wemyss, who writes to the *Times* to explain why a Conservative Government ought not to pass measures intended to save life. Lord Wemyss admits that the Factory Acts were originated by Lord Shaftesbury, a Conservative, but he adds that the Conservative Government of that day would have repudiated Lord Shaftesbury if they had dared. How this piece of historical reasoning can be said to help Conservative principles now, Lord Wemyss does not tell us.

Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, who has been dangerously ill at Folkestone, has been taken up to Cumberland. There he will be not very far distant from the Speaker of the House of Commons, whose predecessor was once embarrassed by Mr. Plimsoll's famous stamp on the floor and by his menacing gesture in the direction of Mr. Disraeli.

Some indignation has been excited by the conduct of certain Germans in loosing carrier-pigeons from Dover for a flight to Düsseldorf. It is said that another experiment of the same kind is to be tried at some point nearer London, and there is some speculation whether our Government ought to interdict what is supposed to be a manoeuvre of the German War Office. On the other hand, the military value of this pigeon business is not obvious. In the event of war, messages to the enemy by pigeons might be serviceable if the spies had anything to say. But you cannot let off carrier-pigeons without attracting attention, and any Teutonic bird-fancier would find his position extremely uncomfortable when his pigeons were seized and despatched to Düsseldorf with wholly misleading information.

Sir Francis Grenfell, who has been appointed to the command of the British Forces at Cairo, in succession to Major-General C. B. Knowles, is, of course, no stranger to military life in Egypt. He served in the expeditions of 1882 and 1884, and was Sirdar of the Egyptian Army from 1885 to 1892, a period which included the command of the Forces at Suakin in 1889. Though once more in Egypt, he will not take part in the Sudan advance, as the home troops are not to be employed in it.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL.

The Earl of Meath writes to us to say that he did not, as was recently stated in our columns, provide the funds for the laying out of Bethnal Green Churchyard as a public garden. The Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, of which Lord Meath is chairman, undertook to defray the cost, a sum amounting to between £800 and £900, with contributions from its own members, supplemented by a grant which it hopes to receive from the City Parochial Fund.

The new dining-cars on the Midland Railway's express service between the North and West of England, from Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, etc., to Bristol, are carriages of a new type especially built for this service. Even the third-class cars are very spacious and handsome, having interior fittings of richly coloured and figured mahogany. The seats are upholstered with figured crimson or blue moquette, and shaped so as to give passengers not only a convenient seat while dining, but facility for a comfortable nap after dinner. The roof is panelled with Lin-crusta-Walton painted white. The two dining-saloons are connected by the "kitchen-carriage," a vehicle containing a large kitchen, of adequate size to provide for the dining of fifteen first class and forty-seven third class passengers. This kitchen is fitted up with all modern appliances for the preserving and well-cooking of every kind of food required, and attached thereto are a conductor's pantry and stores. In the remainder of the new train the first and third class compartments are all constructed in the same style.



A MIDLAND RAILWAY DINING-CAR.

The missionary Bishops of the Church are not a long-lived class, and most of them die in harness. Bishop

Edward Bickersteth, of South Tokyo, Japan, who died on Aug. 5, had been for some time in weak health from dysentery. It was hoped that the voyage home and some rest would restore him; but he succumbed to a relapse. Of spare frame and ascetic countenance, he had much of the ideal missionary in his appearance, and his life in Japan was one of ceaseless toil. Born in 1850, he inherited from his father, the Bishop of Exeter, the love of foreign mission work which had been so conspicuous in an even earlier generation of the family. He broke down in health as a missionary in India, but, after some rest at home, was chosen by Archbishop Benson to succeed in the bishopric of Japan the first English Bishop, A. W. Poole, who had died early in life after a few years' work in the field. Under Bishop Bickersteth the work grew fast, and the one see is now divided into four. The Bishop broke away to some extent from the Low Church traditions associated with his name, but he lived in sympathy with High and Low, gathering help from both sides for the infant Church over which he presided.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE LATE BISHOP OF SOUTH TOKYO.

Mr. Hawksley has published a plea on behalf of the officers who served under Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby in the luckless raid. Mr. Hawksley argues that these officers should not suffer the loss of their commissions, because they believed that they were really carrying out the wishes of the Imperial Government. The awkward fact that they refused to obey the Queen's proclamation, summoning them to abandon the raid, is met by Mr. Hawksley with the curious suggestion that had they obeyed the Queen's orders they might have been shot by Dr. Jameson! Certainly, for a shrewd lawyer, Mr. Hawksley is a monument of indiscretion. He does not appear to see that he is making a worse imputation against Dr. Jameson than has ever been suggested by that gentleman's most hostile critics.

The election in the Brightside Division of Sheffield resulted in the return of Mr. Maddison by the small majority of 183. There had been no contest for some years, but Mr. Mundella's majority was 1277, so there is obviously a very heavy increase of the Unionist vote. Mr. Maddison was a stranger to the constituency, and his opponent, Mr. Hope, is nephew of the Duke of Norfolk, the most popular magnate in Yorkshire. It is said, moreover, that many Liberals refused to vote for a working man. All the explanations do not minimise the fact that a great manufacturing centre like Sheffield is growing more Conservative every year. Mr. Frederick Maddison has twice contested Central Hull in the Liberal Labour interest, first in 1892 and again at the last General Election, but on each occasion he was defeated by Sir Henry Seymour King. Though still quite a young man, he has for some years been well known in the North as a Labour leader, and was President of the Trades Congress at Hull in 1886. He is editor of the *Railway Review*, the influential organ of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

Mr. Hope, having reduced the Liberal majority in the Brightside Division of Sheffield, has promised to return, four years hence, to offer himself for election again. Meanwhile he has returned to his Sussex home, Heron's Ghyll, near Uckfield, an estate formerly possessed by Mr. Coventry Patmore, who rebuilt the house there, made a lake, cut down timber to widen the vista of Sussex dales and downs, and finally sold it to the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Hope's uncle. Mr. Hope is an ardent cricketer, with a team of his own, and in going to fight at Sheffield his only regret was to postpone one or two matches for which arrangements had been made, and in which he had a more easy prospect than in politics of proving himself a victor.

Lord Burton has lost his mother at the age of eighty-five. Mrs. Bass was a model wife and mother, and the great wealth which passed through her hands was used generously and well.



Photo A. T. Osbourne, Hull.

MR. F. MADDISON,

New M.P. for the Brightside Division of Sheffield.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, was visited on Friday, Aug. 6, by the King of the Belgians, with Prince Albert of Flanders. On Saturday Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, came to lunch with the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children, arrived as guests at Osborne. Princess Aribert of Anhalt left for Germany. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Princess Henry of Battenberg, held an Investiture of the Order of the Bath, when Sir Francis Knollys and Vice-Admirals H. F. Nicholson, E. H. Seymour, and H. F. Stephenson were admitted Knights Commanders.

The Prince and Princess of Wales left London for Germany on Tuesday last. Their Royal Highnesses dined with the Queen on Sunday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were at Cowes Regatta last week, but his Royal Highness, on Friday, went by the *Rona* steam-yacht to Newhaven, and attended Lewes races; he was the guest of the Marquis of Aberghenny, at Eridge Park, on Saturday and Sunday. At the Regatta his yacht *Britannia* won the *Meteor* shield, the prize given by the German Emperor to the Royal Yacht Squadron.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Saturday attended the laying of the foundation-stone of the new building of the Royal Portsmouth and Gosport Hospital. The ceremony was performed by his Royal Highness, who was received by the Mayor and Corporation, the Earl of Northbrook, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, the Bishop of Winchester, and the chief naval and military officers at Portsmouth.

The National Volunteer Artillery meeting at Shoeburyness, held this year for the thirty-third time, concluded on Saturday, when the Camp Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel N. P. Fowler, officially commended all ranks upon their good soldierly conduct. The shooting for the prizes awarded has been very satisfactory.

The prorogation of Parliament on Friday, Aug. 6, closing the Session, was performed by the Queen's Commissioners—namely, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Lathom, Viscount Cross, and Lord Ashbourne, in the presence of two other Peers and the Speaker, with the Serjeant-at-Arms and Chaplain, and some members of the House of Commons. The Queen's Speech, read by the Lord Chancellor, informed them that "the cordiality of her relations with Foreign Powers remains unchanged," notwithstanding some "disturbance and conflict in Europe." The united influence of the Six Powers, earnestly exerted, had failed to dissuade the King of Greece, unhappily, from going to war, but negotiations for restoring peace, with an adjustment of all the more important points of controversy, and with an adequate indemnity for Turkey, were approaching a conclusion. The commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium were to be terminated for the sake of improved fiscal arrangements with the British Colonies. A new frontier convention between Burma and China had been arranged, opening the West River to European commerce, and a treaty of commerce with the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia. The Queen was gratified by the presence of representatives of the Colonies, and of the Indian Empire, at the celebration of the sixtieth year of her reign. She acknowledged the proofs of attachment to the mother-country furnished by recent Canadian fiscal legislation, and by the contribution to Naval defence from the Cape Colony. The famine and plague in India were noticed with regret, but with commendation of the official exertions to relieve those calamities. The Royal Speech referred also, with satisfaction, to the measures for strengthening the Navy, enlarging the harbours of Dover and Gibraltar, and aiding the practice of military manœuvres; to the assistance provided for necessitous schools, and to the Acts for the compensation of workmen injured by accidents, for the readier transfer of land, the London water supply, the benefit of Scotland, and the reform of judicial institutions in Ireland. So ended the Session.

Waterworks for the additional supply of the town of Eastbourne were opened by the Duke of Devonshire on Friday, and the Mayor, Alderman Skinner, entertained his Grace, with a party including the Mayors of Folkestone, Arundel, and Bath, as guests at luncheon.

The Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress, having returned last week from their visit to Brussels, went to the North of Ireland, to Londonderry and Coleraine, where the Irish Society of the London City Corporation have to make the annual inspection of their Ulster estates.

Sir William Harcourt, as one of the Parliamentary representatives of Monmouthshire, was present last week at the meeting of the Welsh National Eisteddfod, held at Newport, and made a speech extolling the zealous pursuit of higher education, poetry, music, literature, and art in general by the people of Wales.

The Postmaster-General, the Duke of Norfolk, with Mr. Hanbury, Secretary to the Treasury, has officially replied to the memorial and deputation of the Post Office telegraph clerks, the letter-sorters in London, and some of the letter-carriers in the country, who objected to the scale of wages recommended by Lord Tweedmouth's Committee. The opinion of Government concurs with that Committee in

deeming the maximum salary of £160 a year an adequate remuneration. Forty additional assistant-superintendents in the Central Telegraph Office are to be appointed from the senior telegraphists, opening promotion from below. A double increment of salary will be granted to sorting-clerks and telegraphists passing certain technical examinations after five years' service. Other matters, such as the claims of auxiliary postmen, will be considered.

The Duke of York, in choosing Lord Kenmare's house at Killarney as the chief scene of his forthcoming visit to Ireland, is continuing a family tradition. The pleasantest of the very few days of her life passed by her Majesty in Ireland were with the Prince Consort within these halls. Indeed, it is well understood that Lord Kenmare's tenure of office some years ago as Lord Chamberlain was due entirely to the Queen's own initiative. She remembered the old visit to Killarney, and the lavish hospitality, characteristic of the country, which was extended to her, a hospitality which was rumoured to have added to the embarrassments of a not too wealthy family, and of which the post of Lord Chamberlain might perhaps be in some measure a recognition.

Lord Herschell has inquired into the charges against the administration of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and his report is a complete acquittal of Mr. Benjamin Waugh, who has been the victim of very gross libels. Mr. Waugh's society has done such public service that anything calculated to injure its usefulness is a misfortune to the community. Lord Herschell's report

consort next day went to the city, viewed the tomb of the late Czar, deposited memorial wreaths upon it, and entered the Winter Palace. They went next to Krasnoe Selo, where they were again welcomed by the Czar and Czarina. On Monday there was a grand review of troops, under command of the Grand Duke Vladimir.

The President of the French Republic, M. Faure, has been making an official tour in Dauphiny and Savoy, and reviewing troops. Preparations are being made for his visit to Russia.

The peace negotiations of the European Powers with the Sultan of Turkey now seem on the point of being concluded, if financial arrangements can be made enabling Greece to pay, at once, the first instalment of the war indemnity, with security or guarantee for the remainder at fixed intervals, the whole amounting to £4,000,000. The Turkish army will then leave Thessaly by the route of Volo, embarking at that port. There is a rumour of a fierce conflict between Armenians and Kurds on the Persian frontier of Asiatic Turkey. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has gone to Constantinople on a visit to the Sultan. By a disastrous explosion of cartridges in the army dépôt at Rustchuk, on Aug. 6, nearly two hundred persons were killed.

The Egyptian army in the Soudan, under command of General Sir Herbert Kitchener, has promptly moved up the Nile, in its advance towards Berber. Major-General Hunter's column, formed of the 3rd, 9th, 10th, and 11th Battalions of Infantry, No. 2 Battery of Field Artillery, and a small detachment of cavalry, marched from Merawi on

July 29, reached Abu Hamed on Aug. 7, attacked the place, after marching eighteen miles in the night, and captured it with an hour's severe fighting. Brevet-Major Henry Marlow Sidney, Captain in the Duke of Cornwall's Regiment, and Lieutenant Edward Fitzclarence, of the Dorsetshire Regiment, were killed.

The Midland Railway Company has issued an extensive list of new arrangements for the benefit of holiday travellers. The Scotch service has been improved by the addition of a new express to Edinburgh, etc., with dining accommodation, leaving St. Pancras at 10.35 a.m., and serving Leicester, Nottingham, Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, etc. A through carriage will be attached to the 10 p.m. express from St. Pancras for Greenock, where passengers can most conveniently join the steamers for the Firth of Clyde and the Western Highlands of Scotland. A daylight service throughout will be given to Rothesay during August, whereby passengers leaving St. Pancras at 10.30 a.m. reach Rothesay at 9.45 the same evening. Sleeping saloon-cars will be attached to the night expresses between London (St. Pancras) and Glasgow and Edinburgh in each direction. The services to Ireland, via Stranraer and Larne, and via Barrow-in-Furness, have also been improved. The new steamer *Duchess of Devonshire* has been placed on the Isle of Man service.

The New Palace Steamers, Limited, announce that on each succeeding Wednesday until Sept. 1 their well-known steamer *La Marguerite* will make a special trip to Boulogne and back, calling at Southend and Margate to and fro. A special feature of this trip—and one that will doubtless be appreciated by the public—is the fact that passengers will have no less than three and a half hours on shore at Boulogne, as it is intended that a special train, to connect at Tilbury, will leave Fenchurch Street at 6.15 a.m., steamer returning from Boulogne at 4 p.m.

STATUE OF DARWIN AT SHREWSBURY.

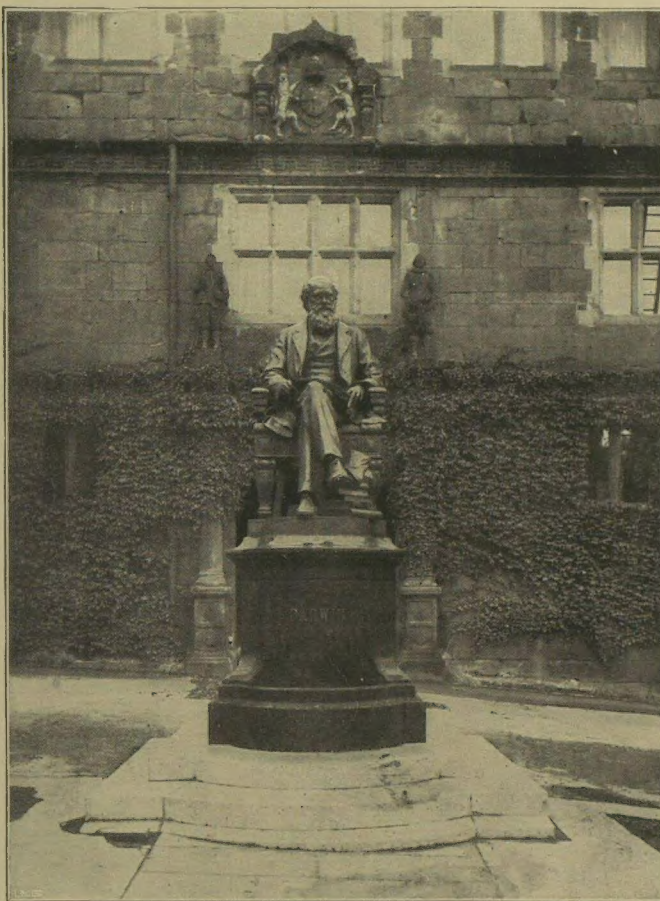


Photo Walter W. Naunton.

STATUE OF CHARLES DARWIN, UNVEILED AT SHREWSBURY, HIS NATIVE TOWN, AUG. 10.

ought to clear away the clouds of undeserved odium and give Mr. Waugh a fresh lease of energy and success.

In the dispute between the North-Eastern Railway Company and its engine-drivers, firemen, guards of goods trains, and platelayers, the award of Lord James of Hereford, which has been published, is favourable to concessions with regard to payment for working extra hours and on Sundays; this is to come into operation on August 27.

A fire which caused the loss of three lives took place in Drury Lane on Aug. 4, in a house occupied by several different families. A woman and a young girl, her daughter, were burnt to death, and another woman, who jumped from a window with her husband, suffered injuries of which she died.

At the yearly aggregate meeting of the Order of Foresters, held last week at Norwich, loyal congratulations upon the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign were voted, with few dissentients, in spite of rude opposition speeches from several London delegates. A resolution in favour of State pensions for old age was rejected by 386 votes against 257.

The visit of the German Emperor and Empress to the Imperial Court of Russia is regarded by foreign politicians as of some moment. Their Majesties arrived at St. Petersburg on Saturday in the Imperial steam-yacht *Hohenzofern*, from Kiel, and were received by the Czar Nicholas II., with the Russian Empress, meeting that vessel at the Neva quay in their own State yacht the *Alexandria*, on board which they were conveyed to the Palace at Peterhof. There was a State banquet, with speeches expressing cordial friendship. The Emperor William and his

undying memory of the greatest English physical evolutionist of our age, who was born at Shrewsbury, the late Charles Darwin, will henceforth possess a durable and conspicuous monument in his native city. The Shropshire Horticultural Society, of which Lord Kenyon is president, has erected in front of the old Shrewsbury School buildings, now used as a Free Library and Museum, a bronze statue of Darwin, upon a pedestal of greenish granite, with steps, rising 12½ ft. high, the sculptor, Mr. Montford, of London, a Shrewsbury man, has done his work successfully. At the ceremony of unveiling this statue, performed by Lord Kenyon last Tuesday, Professor Darwin and Mr. W. E. Darwin, sons of the eminent biologist, were present; also Sir Joseph Hooker and Lady Hooker, the Bishop of Shrewsbury, the Head Master of Shrewsbury School, and the Mayor and other members of the Corporation, who accepted the custody of the monument. There was a luncheon with interesting speeches upon this occasion.

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GOING TO THE WELL.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.



My STUPID HUSBAND

By M^{rs} L.B. WALFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

EVERYONE knew that the clever Mrs. Kinellan was devoted to her stupid husband, and no one was deceived—or, at any rate, long deceived—by this being her favourite appellation, not to say her pet name, for him. If a dashing, up-to-date acquaintance thought to hold the squire cheap in his own house, and to pay court thereby to the superior wife, a little wrathful twinkle would come into Georgina's eye, and that guest learned a thing or two ere he departed.

If a well-meaning matron with opinions of the severely correct type took it upon her to champion poor dear Mr. Kinellan, Georgina would draw herself up and stare. Georgina knew how to stare, and how to make people glad to get outside her door, and say nothing about the interview afterwards.

"Gave it her, did you, Georgie, my gal?" (It is a fact to be regretted that the squire said "gal," and pronounced divers other words after a fashion of his own; but then, as he said, he had not had Noll's education; no one had bothered about him while Noll was alive, and when he came in for the old place by his cousin's death it was too late, and he hanged to it!) "Trust my lass to get the best of a tongue-fight!" The speaker would rub his hands in an ecstasy of love and admiration when, as not infrequently happened, he was called upon to hear the recital of some passage-at-arms. He would burst out laughing from sheer pleasure when Georgie, with the utmost frankness and naïveté, would relate how her abuse of a blundering thick-head had "drawn" such-and-such a one; it was the best fun in the world to him to hear of the remonstrance, or the uneasiness, or the defensive valour of the dupe. "By Jupiter! she won't tackle Mrs. Humphrey Kinellan a second time. Ha, ha, ha! I'm 'the poor man,' am I? And you ain't to be 'hard upon him,' ain't you? Oh, Lord, if they knew!"

At last, however, as we have said, the countryside did get to know, and Georgina lost her sport—or had only brief opportunities for it during a flight through the London season or visits to unknown localities. In her own neighbourhood "My stupid husband" misled nobody.

"But about this little crittur who's coming—this niece of yours, or cousin, or whatever she is—you'll have to be a bit careful before her, won't you?" suggested he one day. "Not that I mind. It's all one to me. But little gals take up fancies—"

"Now, what is this stupid old man talking about?" said Mrs. Kinellan, as if to herself.

The stupid old man grinned.

"If you would like me to write to town," proceeded the lady, "and order a marble pedestal to be erected in the entrance-hall for you to stand upon, so that Maggie may bow the knee whenever she passes, pray do not hesitate to say so. You have a fine figure for a pedestal; well filled out at every point. Should I be required to give measurements, or would a general remark that you weigh from eighteen to twenty stone suffice?"

"If that gal comes here without knowing your tricks, and hears you talk to me in that tomfool way, she'll think queer thoughts of either the one or the other of us. It's nothing to me, as I said. She's your flesh and blood, and it is your relations to whom she'll write that you have married a bally idiot."

"A what?"

"A tiresome old fellow for whom you don't care twopence!"

"If she does that——"

"Whom you only took for his money and his place——"

"Humphrey, Humphrey, hold your tongue. How dare you, sir—how dare you? Money? Place? And to put such thoughts into the head of an innocent child—a mere schoolgirl, and my dear

dead Jane Forster's only daughter to boot! For shame, sir! I'd die sooner than order a pedestal for you, sir! You are not only stupid now, you are malicious. A spiteful, mischief-making, malevolent old



"Here she is!" said the squire. "I've brought her. Safe as a die!"

humbug! That's what you are. As for poor little Maggie—"

"Aye, poor little Maggot—just you be careful of Maggot. Maggot's of her age are thundering sharp. Yes, they are. And, mind you, it's no use crying off when the thing is done; once she has got a contempt for me, or has taken it into her noddle that you have a contempt, which is just as likely, all the hot pokers and tongs in creation won't pull out the notion. You put her up to what's what beforehand, and you will be all right. Tell her it's your 'playful way'!—hang it all! I don't need to coach you. You ain't my Georgie if your wits aren't equal to a dozen such situations. All I say is, 'forewarned, forearmed.' Now, look here, missis"—changing his tone—"what am I to call her?"

Mrs. Kinellan's lip relaxed despite herself. "What did you call her just now?"

"Maggot? You think she wouldn't mind? It ain't exactly a lady's name, but—"

"Oh, you old— Humph, I think you must have been created on purpose for me. What should I have done with a sensible husband? At the same time there are limits," and she shook her head significantly.

"I'm a rare trial, I know," assented the squire, with a gravity equalling her own. "Trial is the lot of man and woman. Hullo! there's the carriage!" with an abrupt transition to practical accents: "is that going to meet the Maggot? And are you going in it?"

"I suppose so"; but Mrs. Kinellan glanced at the window, through which a wild autumn day could be seen tempestuously at work. "I can't let the poor child arrive at a strange place, and find no one to meet her." And she half rose from her chair, with a rueful, lingering movement.

"Wouldn't it do to send the carriage and a message?"

"No, it wouldn't."

"Your maid—what's her name?—send her."

"No, no, Mapleson is an alarming personage. Poor Maggie would be frightened to death if she had to drive all the way shut up alone with a gaunt female—"

"I daresay." Mr. Kinellan scratched his ear thoughtfully.

"No, there's nothing for it but to go myself," concluded the lady with resignation. "It is tiresome, for I have the beginning of a cold, and really ought to nurse it."

"A cold, have ye? I thought you looked mopeish. And it's a terror of a day." Then the big figure in its own comfortable chair on the other side of the rug slowly heaved itself upright by the aid of two strong arms. "I say," observed Mr. Kinellan slowly.

"Well?"

"I'm going."

"Going? Where?"

"To meet that chit. You won't tell me what I'm to call her, so I suppose I must find out for myself. Anyhow, I'm going. You sit still by the fire—"

"Oh, Humphrey—oh, you dear! But I know you hate it; and, besides, you'd never find her—"

"She can find me, I suppose. I'm not such a fire-fly that she must needs look over and under and through me, and not see me. Anyhow, I'm going." He stooped over her, and she was up and in his arms in a moment.

It was no longer the smart, sarcastic woman of the world, the ironical, incomprehensible Mrs. Kinellan, but only the squire's Georgie who lay upon his breast, nestling her head upon his broad homespun, and submitting her faultlessly arranged hair to the dishevelled caresses of his huge fingers. If other eyes had seen the "stupid husband" now!

The pair had no children, and seemed to need none. It was only at certain periods of the year, when entertaining had to be done and hospitality shown, that a half-impatient sigh would break from the lady, and a little complaint of having to "do all the work" by herself, end by her borrowing, as in the present instance, the daughter of a relation or friend to be hers for the time being.

Maggie Forster, whom Mr. Kinellan was now about to meet at the station, was arriving in such a capacity; and to Maggie at the moment, for reasons of her own, no place on earth was like the old Yorkshire Hall. He was in the neighbourhood, you see.

"Now, I'll just tell you what you've got to look forward to—what we can do for you in the way of society—and you must make what you can of it, young lady." As the close carriage, his special abomination, rolled along, its burly owner, taking up two-thirds of the room, and unconsciously agitating for more in every movement, proceeded to do the civil. "We have no young folks, as you know, at the old place, and we don't do much in the way of running about ourselves. But when the shooting season is on, as it is now—I suppose you know what the shooting season is, eh? You know what pheasants and partridges are, eh? You're a bit of a cockney, Miss Margaret, of course; but you like the breast of a hen-pheasant on the table, I'll be bound; and you've noticed that October is the month—oh, you haven't? Well, you know it now then; and, let me see, where was I? Oh, what I meant to say was, it was because of the shooting parties that Georgie, my wife—Mrs. Kinellan—your mother's old friend—"

("Georgie—my wife—Mrs. Kinellan—your mother's old friend." At this rate we shall only get to the 'society,'

and what I have got to 'look forward to' by the time we reach the hall door," reflected Miss Margaret, while a pleased, attentive, steady smile covered the traitorous impatience. "'Tis no use hurrying the good soul; and it is something that he looks the impersonation of innocent stupidity; but oh, how slowly a man does speak when he has nothing to say and all day to say it in!")

"Yes?" she suggested aloud, tentatively.

"We have a dinner-party to-night," blurted out the squire, suddenly throwing his bombshell.

"You, at your age, won't mind being just off a journey," continued he, rubbing his hands in full enjoyment of the undeniable colour which flushed his auditor's cheek at an announcement so startling. "Georgie suggested waiting till Monday, but I said, 'Nonsense'; what's a few hours in a railway train? She'll enjoy it all the more for having had a dull day." And the livery is all right in those big trunks, I'll be bound, eh, Miss—Miss Mag—I'm to call you 'Maggie,' am I? An old man—"

It was all right; he was certainly to call her "Maggie"; might have called her anything he choose. If he would only say who was to be at the dinner-party!

"I'm not out shooting with them to-day," continued Mr. Kinellan, nodding at her. "I'm supposed to be recovering from a sciatic attack, or some such rot. But there are a couple of young fellows at work in our coverts—one is a nephew of my own—"

("Oh!")

"And when they have made havoc among my pheasants, they'll turn indoors, and do their best to continue the game with the young ladies' hearts. Don't you let 'em, Maggot—er—er—Maggie! (Lord, I'm thankful no one heard that! Nice little puss. Wouldn't be rude to her for the world.) Well, these young sparks are the only dinner-party people you'll care about," proceeded the speaker, knowingly. "There are some eighteen or twenty others, but they mostly come in couples—cock and hen—like ourselves, like Georgie and me. You'll have my nephew, Paul, to take you in. By the way," with a sudden thought, "didn't Paul say—or am I thinking of someone else? Who could it have been? Or was it Paul? . . . hesitating and ruminating between each remark,—"Someone certainly did say in my hearing quite lately that he had met you in London. It was when I said—or Georgie said—I don't know, upon my word, which of us it was—but one or other was talking about your coming here, and the person was standing by, and—who could it have been? . . . Another pause, but no assistance appearing to be forthcoming, the speaker anew reunited his own thread. "I believe it was Paul—indeed, I'm almost sure of it; but now what am I thinking of? You can help me to remember, of course. My nephew, Paul Kinellan, in the Worcestershire Regiment, quartered at Beverley just now; do you happen to have met him? But I daresay, going about as you do, you hardly know who you meet. Anyhow, you'll see him to-night, and he'll take you in to dinner."

"You dear old man!" The mental ejaculation was so fervent that it almost took audible form.

And, although mercifully saved from such an escape-ment, the feeling which prompted it was so palpably visible on Miss Margaret Forster's plump and pretty face, that when she and her "dear old man" presented themselves in the great entrance hall together at the close of their tête-à-tête, it was difficult to say who looked the best pleased with the other.

"Here she is!" cried the squire. "I've brought her. Safe as a die!" And he breathed triumph at every pore.

"And how often had you run round the station before he found you, my dear?" Mrs. Kinellan kissed her young friend cordially, and cast her usual belittling eye upon her husband. "I had to let him go—though almost anyone else would have been better; but we were all rather busy to-day, and I nursing a cold. Tell me honestly, Maggie, had you dissolved into tears and helplessness before my stupid husband rescued you?"

"Don't you listen to her, Miss Maggot—hum, ha—Maggie," interposed the squire anxiously. "I ain't half such a fool as I look. Just you ask Paul—my nephew, Captain Kinellan—what he thinks of me. My dear," turning to his wife, "was it Paul who said he knew, or at least had met, this young lady somewhere?"

"You dear silly, no. It was Edward Goring. You know all the Goring's, don't you, Maggie? Edward, the second son, the one in the army—"

"But I thought she said it was Paul," broke in the squire, blankly.

Mrs. Kinellan looked from one to the other.

"I did not say anything," murmured poor Maggie with a sinking heart.

Paul had then claimed no acquaintanceship, perhaps did not even know of her coming. And that happy moment for which she had mentally blessed her dear kind carriage companion, should she ever now forgive him for it? Cruel tormentor—or hopeless idiot—which was he? Hearken to him now.

"Well, if you didn't say it, I thought it." (As if it mattered to any living soul what he thought!) "So it was Ned Goring, was it? But it's all the same." (All the same, indeed!) "And they are both blazing away at my pheasants, and will be in presently to—oh, there they are!" as two grey figures passed the window. "Talk of the—you know who," nodded the speaker with

a wicked wink; "so now we'll see who knows which, eh, Miss Maggie?"

It was all that any of them did see. There was a polite recognition; but neither Captain Kinellan nor Miss Forster betrayed the slightest consciousness. "I can be as cool as he!" cried the proud little girl to herself.

But she felt like a martyr all the same, and a tolerably vindictive martyr to boot.

"I don't want any more of you, Paul Kinellan; don't flatter yourself. Surely I may pay a country visit, even though it be to the house of your relation (I wish he had not the same name, though), without your vanity lifting up its head. Evidently you have kept your own counsel, and you may depend on my doing the same. If you had cared for me, really cared for me, you would have found out long ago that I—well, I suppose I was rather hasty, and I am rather sorry. And if someone who once pretended he loved me had chosen to—to humble himself—oh! how could he look so gay and careless?" Maggie, being now upstairs and alone, had time to look back upon the scene. "How could he meet me so composedly and sit down among us so easily, and talk away about his disgusting sport and the disgusting weather, while I—if only that tiresome Mr. Kinellan had let me alone, but his giving me that shock in the carriage took away all my wits! Still, I don't think I showed anything. And if it turns out that my coming here is no good, that this meeting on which I had been building so much—Maggie Forster, don't be a fool!" Suddenly Maggie Forster began to dress with energy and fly into her clothes as if preparing for a fire-escape. "I must not begin to pity myself, whatever I do," she whispered under her breath. "It would be too terrible if he suspected anything, especially if I am to have him at dinner." A sigh escaped; nevertheless there was a drop of balm in the last reflection.

"I say, Georgie!"—the squire was in his dressing-room, his wife in hers. It was his habit to bawl through the open doors.

"Say on, I'm alone," replied she. If her maid were still in attendance she had her own way of intimating the fact.

"It's queer their both knowing her," said Mr. Kinellan, presenting himself in shirt-sleeves in the doorway. "But as you say that Goring is the older friend, how would it be to give her to him for dinner? Might make her feel more at home, eh?"

"Mr. Goring is to take Miss Leggatt, because he wants to be asked to their ball. And I told him he should have an opportunity of ingratiating himself to-night."

"But he could ingratiate himself after dinner—"

"No, he couldn't," said Georgie obstinately.

Her husband submitted.

"All right. Paul can take the Maggot, then." But a buckle broke at the moment, and to this he afterwards attributed his having forgotten the exact tenor of his liege lady's instructions, when reviled and in disgrace for disobedience presently. Both husband and wife were late in descending; indeed, the first bell of arriving guests had sounded ere they hurried from their respective chambers; and this also put out Mr. Kinellan, he averred.

"Even the young people are remiss," apologised he, as he shook hands with the "cock and hen" couple who had been somewhat over-punctual. "We have some youngsters from the barracks, shooting and dining; and they stopped their billiards and went upstairs in good time, for I sent 'em off myself; but these young dandies take as long to bedizen themselves as if they were fine ladies. And we have a nice little girl from London—just arrived—met her at the station myself—" but here the speaker had to leave off, shaking hands vigorously.

Arrivals came thick and fast, and he had to couple them, which he proceeded to do at a break-neck pace.

Mrs. Kinellan could have glided through the ceremony with a grace that all must have admired; but she never so much as cast an eye upon her husband, whose method of procedure was of the crudest. "The old gal does her best for me—that she does," he would aver, appreciating the situation; and though, it must be admitted, he performed his part as badly as it was possible for mortal man to do it, he mentally dared his neighbours to read annoyance in his wife's face.

This was as a rule. On the present occasion a slight deviation did occur. Mrs. Kinellan did exhibit a faint shade of surprise dashed with vexation on perceiving that although she had taken pains to explain beforehand her reason for desiring that Mr. Goring should escort Miss Leggatt to the dinner-table, her husband had substituted his nephew, and Paul was leading the young lady along, just in front of his friend, to whom Maggie Forster had been assigned. To make so much as a remark would have been ill-bred; she resigned herself—as did someone else, not quite so easily.

("Oh, you wicked old man! That was you again!") Maggie, nodding and smiling down the table in response to a hearty inquiry in respect of her being rested after her journey, mentally shook and stamped upon the kind face so placidly unconscious. ("You are my evil genius," continued she. "You are always dangling hopes before my eyes, which you yourself dash to the ground. Now I wonder what will be the next Will-o'-the-Wisp!")

The next was not long in coming. Dinner over—a dreary interminable meal to her fretting heart—during

which Captain Kinellan was out of reach but full in view, and kept up a steady conversation either with one companion or the other—though she caught his eye once, and fancied afterwards that more than once she did not catch it. Dinner over, we say, there was at least the evening to follow, and with a faint renewal of hope she seated herself on a central ottoman on the line of march within the huge saloon. She must be passed, and might be spoken to, if—anyone cared so to speak.

And, of course, just because the empty place by her side was not for him, and the thickest skin might have known as much, our purblind host must needs plump down upon it, and call upon his nephew for a song.

Captain Kinellan was ready; his music was on the piano, but he could not play his own accompaniments, and looked round interrogatively.

"Now!" thought Maggie, for had she not often in other days? But to offer? No, a thousand times, no.

"You play, my dear, I'm sure?" A fatherly voice in her ear. "All young ladies do. Now, here's a song going a-begging—but 'tis too bad to bother you. I forgot the journey, and all that. We'll leave you in peace to-night; and Paul must try his luck elsewhere."

Maggie's throat. ("He is looking at me—oh, Paul, don't go; don't go!") In her agony she returned the look with one of such piteous appeal, such unguarded misery, that it could not be met. Captain Kinellan turned round with a quick, sharp, on-your-own-front movement.

"Thank you, sir, but—but there are things—letters to write," muttered he, hurriedly. "The rain is no matter—"

"Neither are your letters, I'll be bound. You stay where you are, young man. A snug roost is not to be despised on a night like this."

And then Maggie was sure she was looked at again, and despised herself in that her lip was trembling. "He is refusing. He shakes his head. Well, he sha'n't see that I care, at least." She was close to the conservatory door; it opened a way of escape; ere she had time to think she had slipped through, and was lost to view in its dim, fragrant depths.

"Maggie!"

The last Will-o'-the-Wisp had trapped its victim. Each previous one had led the poor child further and further from the firm ground on which she erst stood, and now, in

sobbed contentedly on his breast; "and now it seems as if it began with me! Oh, Paul, do you think I showed anything to anyone else? But it was your uncle's doing."

"How?"

"He did hurry me so; he did indeed. It seemed exactly as if he knew what I should hate most, and did it. He began his blunders in the carriage, leading me to think—oh, never mind what. It went on the whole evening. He got me into such a state at last—"

"My poor little darling!"

"That—that—Paul, instead of expecting you to ask my forgiveness, I am going to ask yours."

"Bravo, squire!" But to all outward appearance Maggie's lover grovelled in the dust.

"Ha, ha, ha!—come in, my boy. Congratulations, my dear old chap!" The emancipated host, in his own den, in his old coat, with his foot on the mantelpiece, and his pipe in his mouth, turned round in his chair as the door opened.

"Come along—come along!" cried he, at the pitch of his voice. "Hoots! never mind if I cry it on the house-



"Ha, ha, ha!—come in, my boy. Congratulations, my dear old chap!"

"If I am wanted," murmured the poor girl desperately. "But, oh, dear, no; don't you stir," Mr. Kinellan put out a detaining hand. "Hey, Paul, ask some of those," he nodded towards a distant group. "Miss Maggie and I will sit still and listen."

"All right, sir." Paul, who had—yes, she was sure he had made a movement in her direction—turned off indifferently and sauntered towards the point indicated.

"There are plenty of 'em, and Lord knows they have done nothing but sit and twiddle their thumbs all day long. They may as well twiddle 'em to some purpose," murmured the burly sportsman, confidentially. "Paul is a mighty favourite with the ladies; he is safe to find someone ready to oblige him. Aye, Miss Sophy Leggatt; she'll do very well," eyeing the arrangement complacently. "That's a deal better than fagging you, who have done your day's work already."

"He is simply killing me," groaned poor Maggie, almost in tears. The evening was flying, and she was glued to her ottoman—now, alas! in the most undesirable quarter of the room.

"It is raining cats and dogs," quoth Mr. Kinellan presently. He had been out seeing some departures to their carriage.

"Paul, if you care to stay, we'll put you up. I know Goring, can't; but what d'ye say? Oh, you'd better!"

"Grand final Will-o'-the-Wisp. Concluding set piece." There was a little hysterical would-be laugh in

this sheltered isolated spot there was a sound of irrepressible weeping, and a girlish white-robed figure, quivering like a reed, rocked to and fro in the moonlight. Paul Kinellan knew that his hour had come.

"Maggie!"

"You said that you would never forgive me," continued the deep bass tones so perilously near at hand. "And, indeed, I scarcely dared to hope. . . . But if I am too presumptuous? . . . Dear, must I go away to-night? This miserable evening" (the drooping form was in his arms now), "when you would not come near me" (the tear-stained face was pressed to his bosom).

"Oh, Paul, it was *you* who would not come near me."

"I was too terrified to look at you."

"And I couldn't look at you."

"You seemed so gay and bright."

"And you so grand and indifferent. Paul, I can't tell you how cruel your uncle has been to me."

"My uncle? He is the kindest old fellow in the world."

"Listen, then. When I first arrived I felt quite happy and confident; I hoped to meet you—oh, Paul, it's no use pretending now—I *did* hope it: and resolved that if you looked ever so little anxious to make up, ever so little downcast and humble, I would give you a chance. Somehow I felt you would take it. . . . A pause. Paul busy taking it.

"I meant *you* to do all the making up," Maggie

tops now. They're all abed except—eh? And she's off too, at last. *At last*, young sir! Well, and she caved in straight away, did she? Bless her little heart! And she's as nice a little gal as ever I met. But, good Lord! what fun it was! She was as proud and pert as possible when first I took her in hand. Cock-a-hoop to the last degree. Thought I, 'This looks bad for Paul.' And I worried it out in my own mind. Peg by peg I took her down, and opened the sluice-gates for you. For you, you graceless scamp! Made myself fool and knave by turns, a bugbear and monstrosity in the eyes of the sweetest little thing imaginable! Thought the damned old squire saw nothing, did she? Why, even my old wife told me I was a bit worse than usual, blundering between you and Goring, and all that. It all helped though, nephew, eh? It did the trick; at least, we did it between us. And you were first-rate, I'll say that for ye. Quite the coxcomb; as conceited and indifferent as you please. The poor innocent lamb! I tell ye what, I felt quite soft and queer at the last, she looked so ready to cry. Eh? . . . I dare say. I daresay you found dissolving views? Well, well; quite right not to tell tales. And God bless ye both! Georgie will be delighted. What's more, she'll be amazed; and it takes something to *amaze* a woman like my wife. But hearkee, nephew, one thing: it is to be a secret—a secret from all but *her*; but I must tell Georgie. And the next time she calls me her stupid husband—"

"Call me as witness on the other side," said Paul, laughing.

THE END.

THE RISING IN THE SWAT VALLEY, INDIA.

From Photographs supplied by Lieutenant T. S. Keen, 45th Sikhs.CRATER CAMP OF THE 21ST PUNJAB INFANTRY: LOOKING NORTH.CAMP OF THE 45TH SIKHS: LOOKING SOUTH.

The later details of the relief of Chakdara all testify to the gallant conduct of the garrison and to the splendid promptitude with which the troops marched to its rescue and averted what might have been a very grave disaster in the history of British arms in India. The plucky garrison, indeed, managed to hold out so stoutly that in the course of the oft-renewed attacks of the enemy during the week's siege it dealt death with its guns to nearly two thousand of the beleaguering force, even while it sustained but thirteen casualties itself, and only three of those with fatal results. But for the arrival of relief, however, the fort could hardly have been held many hours longer, for the enemy were continually mustering reinforcements. General Meiklejohn's relieving force lost only four men, and the twenty-six wounded are all reported to be making good progress. The latest estimates of the rebel tribesmen's losses reckon the number



CRATER CAMP, FROM THE FORT: SAPPERS AND MINERS OF THE QUEEN'S OWN.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 45TH SIKHS.

killed at Malakand as seven hundred, adding another five hundred for the fighting around Chakdara in the final relief of the fort, so that the rebels have received a severe lesson. Although the hostile tribesmen have scattered from Malakand, however, fresh and significant evidence of the disturbed state of the North-West border-country has been speedily provided by a rising of Mohmands under the same fanatical Mulla of Hadda who gave the Government much trouble at the time of the Chitral Expedition. He seems to have collected several thousands of followers, with whom, on Aug. 7, he attacked the fort at Shabkadr, some twenty miles north of Peshawur. The fort was successfully held by its garrison of border police, but the Mohmands burned the neighbouring village of Shankargarh, whose inhabitants had previously taken refuge within the shelter of the fort. A strong force has been despatched to hold the position against any further attack.



CHAKDARA FORT AND BRIDGE OVER THE SWAT RIVER.



THE KING OF SIAM AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR AT THE SIAMESE LEGATION, ASHBURN PLACE, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORK DISPLAY BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES AT COWES.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. G. J. de Lacy.



THE KING OF SIAM'S YACHT, "MAHA CHAKRI" AT COWES.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. C. J. de Lucy.

Mr. C. A. BECKLER,
Surrey Herald Extraordinary.

Mr. H. F. BAKER, Mr. JOSEPH WALKIN, Mr. C. H. ARTHUR, Dr. J. J. HOWARD, Mr. EVERARD GREEN,
Somerset Herald. Portcullis Pursuivant. Richmond Herald. Maltravers Herald Extraordinary. Rouge Dragon Pursuivant.

Mr. G. ANDREWS LEE, Mr. W. A. LINDSAY, Dr. G. W. MARSHALL, Mr. W. H. WELDON,
Bluemantle Pursuivant. Windsor Herald. Rouge Croix Pursuivant. Noirey King of Arms.

Mr. H. MURRAY LANE, Mr. A. S. SCOTT-GATTY,
Chester Herald. York Herald.



SIR ALBERT W. WOODS,
Garter King of Arms.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK,
Earl Marshal.

Mr. E. BELLAS,
Lancaster Herald.

Mr. G. E. COVAT,
Clarendon King of Arms.

THE EARL MARSHAL AND HER MAJESTY'S OFFICERS OF ARMS.

LITERATURE.

BARDS OF THE GAEL AND THE GALL.

I was reading a newspaper a couple of years ago, and coming on some bad Irish verses, began to read them mechanically. I found that they were moving me greatly, moving me as dozens of bad Irish verses used to move me when I was a boy; and I laid the paper down to think why. I lit suddenly upon their secret, and upon the secret of much Irish poetry. Their emotion was the actual emotion of their writer, and they moved me just as commonplace, sincere words of grief would move me in life. The same verses written by a writer of a country where the literary habit is impersonal, as it is in England, would have worried me from the first. The love-poems and the hate-poems of Irish literature are almost all the utterances of some actual love and hate, and we know whom they praised and whom they cursed. They are the work of a people who are intensely personal in all the affairs of life, and who utter in verse the things that others hide in their hearts. When Feilim McCarthy's four children were killed by the fall of a house, instead of hiding his sorrow, as an educated Englishman would do, he poured it out in a long circumstantial and most poignant song, and Feilim McCarthy was no mere naive peasant poet. The whole song is as personal as these verses, which I have taken out of the middle of Dr. Sigerson's translation.

I'll sing each day until my death
A lay which never sweetens bath,
Since I am worn, and weak and drear,
I'll sing their dirge—my children dear.

My grief! in clay lies Calchaban,
By Corneel—the my son Corneel;
Aine and Mary, too, my own
Will love, I found, the same day told.

The Spear and Knife of Euphrosyne
To them were laid, and the three poor
To them were Edward's hands laid,
In other times, when that grave made

Sweet their cry, when'er I'd come,
Gaily running to greet me home—
Who now shall kiss or welcome me,
Since they, in one grave, buried be?

If one turns over the leaves of "The Golden Treasury," one thinks but seldom of the lives of the men who wrote it, but when one turns over the leaves of this book of Dr. Sigerson's, one thinks of little else, for it is all a spray flung up by the waters of a most tumultuous life. Here are hymns made by men famous for their austerities, dirges that wives have sung over their husbands and that bards have sung over their kings, and the lamentations over great men driven into exile sung by men who had fought at their side, and the lamentations sung by exiles over the land they have been driven from, and love-poems made by poets whose love sorrows are still tales by the hearth-side. Even when the poems are impersonal and dramatic—and all the poems attributed to Amrein and Ossian and Pionn are certainly impersonal and dramatic—tradition insists on taking them literally. Englishmen will never understand us until they understand that our opinions are often for opinion's sake, but that our emotions are almost always the results or precedents of action; and that sentiment, which is emotion not seeking an utterance in action, is commoner with them than with us.

I know no book so full of what is most characteristic in our fierce and passionate, and, as I believe, very great lyric literature as this book of Dr. Sigerson's. His introduction about the influence of Gaelic metres, through the Latin hymns of the early Irish evangelists, upon the literature of Europe, and about the possible Gaelic origin of rhyme, is of the first importance, and is worthy of the attention of historical students both in this country and upon the Continent.

W. B. YEATS.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Si et la Raison de la Beauté. Par Robert de la Sizeranne. (Hachette.)
Selected Poems, translations of the Victorian Age. By F. H. S. E. C. (Society and Co.)

The Life and Times of Thomas Wakley. By R. Sprague Sprague. (Longmans.)
The Blackwood Group. By Sir George Douglas. Famous Scots Series. (Ogilby, Anderson, and Fern.)

In Praise of Music. An Anthology. Prepared by Charles Sayle. (Elliot Stock.)

Years ago a French art-loving tourist in Italy visited the Florentine Church of Santa Maria Novella to study on the very fête-day of St. Thomas Aquinas the frescoes which there illustrate the work of the great scholastic, and are known as the Triumph of St. Thomas. He was surprised to see, crowding in front of it, a group of white-veiled damsels with sailor hats, and to hear one of them read out in English from a little volume passages on human wisdom as coming from above, and on the part played by disciplined intellect in the history of thought. He was equally surprised to hear, intermingled with such reflections, remarks on the minutest details in the execution of the figures of the frescoes. The astonished tourist asked who was the writer of the volume, and received for answer—Ruskin. In a very different scene (that of the afternoon tea of a London drawing-room) the same Frenchman listened to a conversation on the diminished durability of textile fabrics since machinery had been substituted for hand-labour in their production. His host and hostess, however, told him that substantial fabrics, worthy of the olden time, were still produced by hand. Her napkins were of Langdale linen, her husband's coat of the cloth of St. George's Guild, and the material of both had been spun and woven by hand. To his question, Who was the founder of St. George's Guild? the reply was the same which he had received in the Florentine church—Ruskin. The Frenchman was M. de la Sizeranne. He found in Ruskin as art-prophet, as philosopher, and as social reformer, an original man, a clear knowledge of whose career and writings it would be well to acquire. The

results of his long and intense study of Ruskin's work and personality are embodied in this admirable and thoughtful little volume. It is full of profound and subtle appreciation of the genius and aspirations of "the Master," as he is called by M. de la Sizeranne, who by no means, however, blind to the exaggerations, inconsistencies, and self-contradictions to which Ruskin himself, with his characteristic and careless frankness, has sometimes pleaded guilty. He is lost in wonder that a man who has denounced, as Ruskin has denounced, the dominant ideas and practices of his age and country, should have gained so large an audience in England. Yet, while echoing the lamentations of him whom Carlyle called "the ethereal Ruskin" over the materialism of the time, M. de la Sizeranne does not seem to share the hope of that idyllic future, lovely pictures of which irradiate the gloom and relieve the fretfulness of Ruskin's utterances. Indeed, when quoting instances of the influence exerted by Ruskin on his disciples, M. de la Sizeranne is disposed to regard some of the anecdotes told of it as too marvellous to be other than legendary. "Perhaps even," says Ruskin's French disciple, "if, as everything prognosticates, there is to be a triumph of the ugly, with her accomplice, science, and her ally, political economy, we shall come to regard as a fabulous personage the man who alone, against a whole world, struggled, not for truth, which has her prophets, not for justice, which has her apostles, nor for religion, which has her martyrs, but for that one of all ideas which has had no other champions, and will know, perhaps, no other victories than his—for beauty."

In striking contrast to the plainness breathed in the passage just quoted, are the tone and tenor of the versatile Mr. Escott's contribution to Jubilee literature. The cheerfulness of his retrospect of the Queen's reign is most appropriate to the occasion, which has produced a clever and interesting volume likely to please all but alarmists, political, social, and industrial. It is a bright record of progress and improvement in every department of national and industrial existence, in civic and social life, in commerce and manufactures, in literature, art, science, medicine, and law. There are personal sketches and anecdotes for those who wish to be amused, and solid statistics for those who care to be instructed. Among the most striking and opportune passages in the book is that on the services rendered to the Crown and country by one who is now beyond the reach of praise. "It is not too much to say," Mr. Escott remarks, "that the Victorian England of these later years is that which, more than any other uncrowned individual, the Prince Consort was the instrument of making it. He it was who set the example of that many-sided, almost ubiquitous assistance in the extra-political occasions of English life which to-day are more conspicuously associated with the representatives of the kingly principle in England than the attendance at Leves or the opening of Drawing-Rooms." This is justly and gracefully said.

Thomas Wakley, the founder of our oldest medical journal, the *Lancet*, was born in 1775, so that the period embraced in his biography stretches back far beyond the opening of Queen Victoria's reign. Wakley was a medical student in London when Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen were still playing at marbles; when the dissecting-room was supplied by body-snatchers, when in making medical and surgical appointments to the London hospitals nepotism and bribery were rampant, and there was no check on ignorance and incapacity in the treatment, especially the surgical treatment, of hospital patients. It was by exposing these abuses that the *Lancet*, founded by Wakley in 1823, and edited by him until his death in 1862, made its reputation, and in many an action for libel it involved him. If the London hospitals now richly deserve the new aid and support promised them by the Prince of Wales's Fund, it is largely due to the pluck and perseverance of Wakley, who has found in Mr. Sprague a competent and sympathetic biographer.

Lockhart and the Ettrick Shepherd deserve, no doubt, the special biographies promised them in the "Famous Scots" series; but Sir George Douglas is unfortunate in being on this account obliged to exclude them from his volume on the "group" of writers who made *Blackwood's Magazine* a success. The foremost place among its other contributors is, of course, occupied by Christopher North (John Wilson), for many years the most powerful and conspicuous of them all. Sir George Douglas bestows on Wilson far less appreciation and sympathy than was deserved by so richly gifted a man. The story of his early connection with *Blackwood* might have yielded his biographer something better than a page of references to its personalities, while not a word is said of the much that Wilson did to make the genius of Wordsworth known in his days of comparative obscurity, and to vindicate him from that ridicule by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, which itself seems so ridiculous now. The best of the rather bald critical biographies in the volume is that on Galt, who is less known south of the Tweed than he ought to be, and whom Sir George Douglas calls, not without justice, "the forerunner of the realistic movement in Scottish fiction." Sir George has rescued from oblivion an historical novel of Galt's, "Rinnan Gilhaize," which is forgotten even in Scotland. It deserved a better fate, if Sir George be not exaggerating when he pronounces it "entitled to rank as the epic of the Scottish religious wars."

It is more than three centuries since an anthology on the same plan as Mr. Sayle's was produced. Considering the universal popularity of music and the laudations which it has received from writers in all ages, it is singular that it should have been reserved for him to compile one in which the praises of music are brought up to date. His extracts are in prose and verse. They are arranged chronologically, and range from the Bible, the Chinese sages, Plato, Aristotle, the Fathers, through mediæval ages and the literature of the Renaissance down to our own day—among the most recent writers quoted being Andrew Lang, Wilfrid Ward, and William Watson. The passages selected are apt and well chosen. The volume, which is a handy one, is delightful reading.

A LITERARY LETTER.

At last we have the eighth and final volume of Professor Knight's variorum Wordsworth. It forms an admirable edition—one which all Wordsworth lovers must wish to possess, because Professor Knight has collected together so much out-of-the-way material. But the professor's habitual inaccuracy follows him everywhere. We know—have not Professor Bowden, the late Mr. Dykes Campbell, and Mr. Hutchinson made it clear to us?—how terribly full of inaccuracies was the first edition of Professor Knight's Wordsworth—that published by Mr. Paterson, of Edinburgh. Many of these inaccuracies have doubtless been corrected in the new edition, although some still remain, but it is curious that even in the bibliography—somewhat easier ground, surely—Professor Knight should have gone wrong. Take, for example, one entry which interested me: a selection from Wordsworth's poems, made by a writer of no importance. The book is assigned to the wrong publisher and the editor's name is incorrectly given. That is to say, there are two errors in three lines.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Wordsworth, on seeing a copy of *The Illustrated London News* in 1846, made an attack upon this journal—an attack not based upon any quality in the artistic production of the *News*, which then stood alone in illustrating current events, but because of a persuasion which is, perhaps, best set forth by quoting the concluding lines of the sonnet—

A backward movement so duly have we here,
From Manhood—back to childhood; for the age—
Back towards everted life's first rude career.
Avant this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

On this point Professor Knight has a somewhat crude note: "The painter and artist may differ from the poet in the judgment here pronounced; but had Wordsworth known the degradation to which many newspapers would sink in this direction his censure would have been more severe."

We have had at least two important selections from Wordsworth. There have been more than two, but only two, I think, are still in print. One of these is the selection made by Matthew Arnold, which undoubtedly gave a great impetus for a few years to a study of Wordsworth's work, and the other a volume of selections made by Professor Knight for the Wordsworth Society, a volume which was not so much the outcome of Professor Knight's individuality as it was a consensus of opinion from some of the most distinguished members of the society as to which were Wordsworth's best lyrics. The Wordsworth cult has considerably declined in strength since the days when the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Matthew Arnold, and Lord Chief Justice Coleridge were taking an active interest in the transactions of the Wordsworth Society; but it is interesting to note that one of the most prominent literary men of to-day, Mr. Andrew Lang, is engaged upon a new selection of Wordsworth's poems, to come out in a series which Messrs. Longmans are projecting. As this selection is to be illustrated by so popular an artist as Mr. Alfred Parsons, it is a little uncertain whether the critic will select for the artist or the artist for the critic. If the book is to be a genuine reflection of Mr. Lang's taste in Wordsworth, it will be a distinct contribution to our libraries, an interesting point about Wordsworth being that one can in a large measure interpret his critic by discovering what poems by Wordsworth he cares for most.

I learn from the *Chicago Tribune* that one of the most gifted of American writers, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, has just resigned her position of "postmaster" at Auburn, near Boston, Mass. Miss Guiney was appointed some three years ago by President Cleveland. Considerable excitement was caused by this appointment to a New England post office from the fact that the lady was a Roman Catholic, and a number of the good people of Auburn had boycotted the post office. In retaliation some of Miss Guiney's literary friends in Boston combined to purchase their stamps at Auburn, and it is by the sale of stamps principally, it would seem, that a postmaster is paid in America. Miss Guiney has made so many strides in literary work since she took up the duties of "postmaster," and has secured so general a recognition alike as a poet and prose writer, that she is now making literature a crutch as well as a staff. It can scarcely be doubted that the step will succeed.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne will shortly publish through Mr. James Bowden a little volume bearing the startling title, "If I Were God."

Messrs. Chapman and Hall solemnly announce that they do not intend to make any arrangement with any publisher for the right to issue the remaining copyrights of Charles Dickens, which copyrights do not expire until 1912. This sale of rights by one publisher to another is frequently made. Messrs. Macmillan, for example, bought the right to publish certain copyright notes to Wordsworth, which were the property of Messrs. Ward and Lock, and which were inherited by that firm from Moxon. Messrs. Dent and Co. purchased from Messrs. Smith and Elder the right to publish those of the Brontë novels which are not yet out of copyright, and although the price paid was considerable, Messrs. Dent are understood to have made a handsome profit out of the transaction. What most of us consider Dickens's best works are already out of copyright, and are issued by many publishers besides Chapman and Hall. The best edition is that by the Macmillans. But the possession of the complete works of an author gives any publisher a great advantage, and Chapman and Hall are wise not to part with their rights, although, in my judgment, they do not live up to their opportunities.

The works of Charles Dickens which are still copyright include "Little Boats," which is out in 1898, "A Tale of Two Cities," 1901, "Great Expectations," 1903, "Our Mutual Friend," 1907, "Edwin Drood," 1912. C. K. C.

* "Bards of the Gael and the Gall," done into English by George Sigerson, M.D. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT TORONTO.

In this year of Imperial Jubilee it is peculiarly appropriate that the Dominion of Canada, whose strongly imperialistic feeling was but lately represented in the mother-country by its distinguished Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, should

towns. Its spacious streets are planted with a fine array of trees, the pleasant shade of which will doubtless be much appreciated by English visitors during the present month. The heat, however, is rarely oppressive at Toronto, thanks to the cooling breezes from Lake Ontario, and the average temperature in August is only 3·5 deg. higher

Association to visit Toronto; but the University of Toronto has become the immediate host of the Association by lending it the use of its spacious building for the purposes of the meeting, and there is a special fitness in this hospitality, inasmuch as the University has this year attained its centenary, though only in a limited sense, for its



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

supply the sites for the sixty-seventh annual meetings of the two great scientific societies known as the British Association for the Advancement of Science and the British Medical Association, both of which enunciate among their main objects the promotion of intercourse among those who cultivate science in different parts of the British Empire. Toronto, the capital of the Province of Ontario and the seat of the Provincial Government, which forms the meeting-place of the British Association, has frequently been chosen for international conventions by reason of its accessibility by land and water, its situation in the midst of a highly developed agricultural district, and its great importance as a commercial centre. To the average tourist, moreover, whose zeal for the strictly scientific interests of the Association's meeting may be less than that of the Members and Associates, Toronto presents the advantage of being a very convenient centre from which to make excursions either in Canada or into the United States.

The British Association Meeting at Toronto is to open on Aug. 18, and will last until Aug. 26, and less than a week from its conclusion on Aug. 31, to be precise—the British Medical Association will meet at Montreal—which was visited by the British Association in 1884—under the presidency of Lord Rayleigh. The two events thus fall easily within the reach of the same assemblage of visitors, and those whose primary destination is the second meeting may the more advantageously attend the first, inasmuch as its earlier date, anticipating the autumn homeward journey of the great mass of American tourists, has enabled the steamship lines to offer lower rates for the outward passage than are feasible later in the month.

The city of Toronto, some views of which are here reproduced, lies on a slope which rises gradually from the shore of Lake Ontario, and is laid out on the regular pattern of American



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street

SIR JOHN EVANS, K.C.B.,

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING AT TORONTO, AUG. 18.

original founding dates back to 1797, when the University was legally inaugurated as a State institution after the presentation of an address by the Legislative Conference and the House of Assembly to King George III. Unfortunately, the real history of the University did not begin until thirty years later, when it was endowed with a large grant of land under the title of King's College. The present curriculum of the University includes two faculties—that of Arts and that of Medicine, its former faculty of Divinity having been abolished in 1837, when the University was secularised. Religious thought has, however, its headquarters at Toronto in a number of colleges which are affiliated to the University. The University schools of practical science and its finely equipped laboratories and lecture-halls have been allotted to the various general and sectional meetings of the British Association, which seldom finds so suitable a local habitation. At the first general meeting Sir John Evans will assume the presidency in succession to Lord Lister, and after taking the chair will deliver his inaugural address.

Sir John Evans, although by original profession a leading paper manufacturer, has long been recognised as a chief authority in certain branches of archaeology, and notably in the departments of geology and numismatics. A son of the late Rev. A. B. Evans, Head Master of Market Bosworth Grammar School, he was born seventy-four years ago, and received most of his education from his father. He has been President of the Geological Society, the Numismatic Society, and the Society of Antiquaries, and is at the present time a trustee of the British Museum, and treasurer of the Royal Society. He is a D.C.L. of Oxford, and an LL.D. of Dublin, and received the honour of knighthood five years ago.

than that of London. The population of the city numbers some 200,000 souls but this aggregate conveys no correct idea of the size or Toronto owing to the healthily outspread character of its buildings, the majority of its houses, even in the less wealthy districts, having each their own surrounding plot of garden land. Our illustrations testify to the handsome character of much of Toronto's architecture, and, indeed, the Parliament Buildings, the Law Courts, the University of Toronto, and Trinity University by no means exhaust the architectural beauties of Ontario's capital.

It was the Canadian Institute, one of the oldest scientific societies of the Dominion, and the possessor of an extremely valuable archaeological museum, that first invited the British



YONGE STREET, TORONTO.



KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.



GROUSE GLIDING UP TO THE GUNS.

Drawn by Archibald Thorburn.



1. The Major told tales admirably, and enlarged on the murder of Dan'l Murphy, in the ante-room of the 210th at Ballynahooly, so that the mess-waiter got quite nervous, and the legend found its way to the men's quarters.

2. About a week later a sentry presented himself at the guard-room, and said he'd seen the ghost of Dan'l Murphy on No. 4 post.

3. As he refused to stay by himself, two sentries were posted on No. 4.

4. But it was useless.

5. They couldn't get any man to stay on No. 4 post anyhow.

6. So the Sergeant informed the Orderly Officer, who determined to see the ghost himself.

7. Yes, there was something. A white form glided in the darkness.

8. So the Orderly Officer reported to the Adjutant that Dan'l Murphy haunted No. 4 post, and the Colonel happened to overhear him.

9. And with a strong patrol and a six-shooter investigated the ghost in person.

10. Which appeared in due course. The Colonel fired, tripped up in the darkness, and upset the whole party.

11. But the ghost was laid, for they picked up the shattered remains of a large white owl, and the C.O. read the whole guard a lecture on the evils of being superstitious.



"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK, ON THY COLD GREY STONES, O SEA!"

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

We talk about dress for the moors a great deal, but it is so simple a matter it is really worthy of very little consideration. This season we have been proving our devotion to our native industries by permitting the Scotch tweeds once more to have their foot upon their native heath, and, following the example of royalty, we have chosen our



A SKIRT AND COAT COSTUME.

serviceable gowns under the philanthropic direction of the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Aberdeen. It is possible, of course, that Lady Aberdeen's Irish friezes may find their way to the moors of Scotland, and that the Duchess of Sutherland's best Scotch tweeds may be caught pursuing their wild career across the bogs of Ireland—and perhaps it is unimportant. In any case, there is no doubt that we have seriously considered the advantages of home-made materials, even though we are forced to pay somewhat dearly for such consideration, for the best of the home-made tweeds are in single width and cost about five shillings the yard, which cannot be considered cheap. There is very little now in the style of making of the gowns for the moors—necessarily the skirts are short and plain and scanty, but of course the bodice which overhangs its belt is this year favoured above the ordinary Norfolk jacket. The only pretty possibilities of the tweed shooting-dress, pure and simple, lie in the belt and the buttons, and the former is now chosen of pale coloured leather buckled with silver, while silver is the metal selected for the buttons. It still remains a difficult matter to find a becoming hat which will suitably complete such a costume, and the ordinary soft shape known as the "Monte Carlo" continues to be patronised for lack of a better. The hats of this description which come from Paris are somewhat high in the crown, and are usually trimmed with a black ribbon and speckled white quills and tails. But England is naturally the home of the sportswoman's millinery, and we really understand it better here than they do in the French capital.

Light-coloured felts are much in demand. I have come across a curious shade of emerald-green lately, trimmed with a plaid scarf and a couple of eagle's quills, and I have also seen a small white felt hat most decoratively treated with a monster white bird and a scarf of thick yellow lace. However, there are many of us who continue to prefer to the felt hat the straw sailor, decorated with a black ribbon and the small feathers of the innocent grouse. And if you attach an elastic to such shape, it may be relied upon to assume and retain its proper position.

Boots are a very important part of the wardrobe for the moors, and capes and wraps likewise deserve special attention. The boots need only to be thick of sole and smart of cut and simple of detail. None of those fearsome elaborations of leather of two colours should be allowed to put their feet upon the moors; dark brown leather is the ideal wear, these being more comfortable if made to button than to lace. The best shape of cape is modelled on the same lines as the masculine Inverness, and this looks exceedingly well if made of a plain cloth interwoven with a plaid lining; dark blue cloth, for instance, with a green plaid lining is particularly attractive, and light drab looks well with a lining of drab check with a line of yellow and blue. The ordinary cloth cape continues to find many patronesses, and this too had best be made of the reversible tweed. I saw a costume the other day made of covert coating and drab corduroy; the skirt and the cape were of the cloth, the bodice of the corduroy

in pouched style with a leather belt and reversers of the covert coating, with a little waistcoat fastening snugly up to the neck of the corduroy again. The cape was of covert coating, with a hood of corduroy and a lining of silk to match. Purple is a colour which may be adopted with signal success; it looks its best out in the open, and covert coating has been for the last two seasons obtainable in this most attractive hue. It is a colour needing no decoration save machine-stitching, and it achieves success if cut with a perfectly plain skirt with rows of stitching on the hem, fastening either side of the front with three smoke-pearl buttons at the top, the coat of the simplest covert coat description with a fly, and a Tam-o'-Shanter hat also made of the cloth trimmed with a violet and mauve velvet rosette with a couple of shaded mauve quills; the waistcoat to this had best be of white; white corduroy would serve such purpose admirably, but white cloth would, of course, wear better.

Many of the new tailor-made dresses, I observe, which are not made for the moors exclusively, boast the bishop order of sleeve to their coats, and the attractive cloth dresses invariably show trimmings of braid or strappings of appliqué in a conventional design. Another useful possession for the moors besides the cape is the macintosh coat, and the best of these is of the three-quarter shape, with large blouse sleeves and of sac outline; this made in shiny white macintosh is quite elegant, and to be quite elegant when enwrapped in white macintosh is to accomplish a feat of some difficulty. There is yet to be discovered a macintosh hat which is not entirely hideous. The shiny black sailor description can only be voted becoming to a radiant beauty, and the like, alas! is not too common. I think a woollen Tam-o'-Shanter is the best for wear in a good Scotch mist, and it can easily be made becoming when mounted on a bandeau and set up at the angle best adapted to its wearer. But I have quite forgotten to mention an excellent dress recently prepared for the moors of green plaid, at least the skirt was green plaid and the coat was of black cloth made with a very short basque at the back, tightly fitting, with a semi-fitting front; a belt of green leather was passed round the waist through the side seams to fasten in the front, the reversers and cuffs were of green cloth with strappings of black cloth, and the waistcoat was of plain green cloth again, fastened with small gold buttons. And now to the description of my Illustrations. Pre-eminently simple is the skirt and coat, but of course capable of being elaborated in a dozen different ways. Take it, for instance, in blue serge with the coat of white drill and the buttons of gold, strappings of the white drill to decorate the collar and the cuffs; or the order may be reversed: the white linen skirt and the blue serge coat with gold buttons, and then the collar could be of white drill with strappings of the blue serge. I have seen white drill collars admirably treated with checked borders also of drill.

The other dress would look equally well in white or dark cloth, making the collar of a contrasting shade with strappings of the material upon it; the buttons might be of fanciful china, and the belt of glacé silk matching the necktie, which completes the turn-over collar at the neck.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

London University has done well the work for which it was specially instituted—namely, to examine students up to a high standard, and to give degrees to those who prove able to meet the test, without inquiry as to how and where they have gained their knowledge. However, some people are not satisfied with the University being confined to the proper performance of this function of examination pure and simple, and the Duke of Devonshire's Bill brought in this Session, and just "massacred," was to be re-introduced next year, was designed to make provision for attaching teaching colleges to the University of London. So often in such changes women are overlooked and forgotten that it is satisfactory to notice that it was specially provided that the amended charter should not inflict disabilities on any person "on account of religion or of sex."

It is curious how unwilling the Judges are to allow the very obvious intention of the Legislature with regard to the Married Women's Property Act of 1882 to be carried into effect. Nothing can apparently be more clear or more sweeping than the first clause of the Act, which declares, in so many words, that from the date of its coming into operation a married woman shall be able to hold, acquire, and possess property and deal with it exactly the same as though she were a single woman. Ever since it passed, the Judges have been picking holes in it, in one way or another, to the very utmost of their ability. They have made it twist in such a manner as to give great advantage to those extremely few married women capable of making use of an evasion to avoid the payment of their just debts, although they are perfectly well able to pay them—a possibility which causes damage and injury to honest married women engaged in business. In various other minor points also the clear intention of the Act has been set aside by legal decisions, and it appears that now yet another point is being raised by the Judges which will cause some inconvenience and possibly some loss.

It is, perhaps, rather difficult to realise what was the position of a married woman with regard to property before the passing of the Act of 1870. It was, however, simply stated, thus—that the law did not allow a married woman to hold any property at all. Her freehold lands, though not hers, were also not quite fully her husband's, for there were certain restrictions on his right to sell them; but their income and management were his, and as to leaseholds, whether they belonged to her at the date of her marriage, or whether they were bequeathed to her after her marriage, these became so absolutely her husband's property that he was at liberty to sell them without her permission, and indeed in defiance of her wishes, and then he could dispose of the proceeds exactly as he chose. In like manner, if a married woman under the old law were nominated to

be an executrix or trustee, she had to receive her husband's consent to act, and if he gave the consent, it was he in fact who had to act, as she had no power to appear in any matter concerning property except through him. The Act of 1870 modified, while that of 1882 did away entirely with, these conjugal rights. The whole of the property, including lands and leaseholds of any woman who has married since 1882, is and remains her own, and so do all sorts of property which have been acquired since 1882 by women who were married before that date. The Act of 1882 further expressly allows a married woman to accept the position of executrix or trustee as if she were single, and therefore leaseholds can be vested in her, in trust, in either of those capacities. It would appear to the lay mind as if it naturally and necessarily followed that a married woman, who is able to accept property in trust, and who is declared under the first section of the Act to be placed with regard to property in all respects exactly in the position of a single woman, would also be able to transfer the leaseholds to somebody else, in acting as a trustee or executor, just as if she were a single woman. It appears, however, that the Judges have succeeded in finding a reason for preventing this being done!

Law Notes declares that under a recent decision, "re Harkness and Allsopp's Contract," it has been ruled that although the Married Women's Property Act allows a married woman to accept a trusteeship and act therein as if she were single, yet where she is a trustee she cannot convey the land which she holds in trust except by means of an "acknowledged" deed with her husband's concurrence! The reason for this," says *Law Notes*, "is that while the Act allows the woman to be a trustee as if she were single, and makes her separate estate liable for breaches of trust, and exonerates her husband therefrom, unless he intermeddles, and specially provides for her being able to transfer stocks vested in her as trustee as if single, it makes no provision for the transfer by her in any way of lands vested in her as trustee." The editor of *Law Notes* adds, as drily as if he were himself a layman, that he never feels sure of what the law is on any point till he has heard it decided in the House of Lords, but he feels personally certain that the effect of the decision referred to must be that a married woman-executrix or trustee cannot convey a leasehold without her husband's concurrence.

It seems a most extraordinary thing, and an unfortunate one, that Judges should take laws passed by Parliament and endeavour to find some phrase or some accidental omission in them by means of which they can thwart what the Act of Parliament was obviously designed and intended to do. There is no room for doubt that, in passing the Act, Parliament intended to place married women upon an absolute equality with single ones in everything relating to property, and that it was considered needless, or was a pure accident, that it was not distinctly and separately mentioned that a married woman, as executrix or trustee, may convey landed property in that capacity without persuading or paying her husband to consent to her taking such action. As matters stand, it seems worth while to



DRESS DESIGN FOR WHITE OR DARK CLOTH.

call the attention of all directly concerned to this matter, and it also seems that before long there must be another Married Women's Property Act to amend the phases of differentiation between married and single women which have been read into the Act of 1882 by the Judges, in defiance of that most clear and definite first clause which lays down that there shall be no difference between the two classes in regard to property.

P. P.-M.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have rarely read a more entertaining and at the same time a more sensible article of its kind than that of Mr. St. John Hankin in the current number of the *Portugally Review* against the introduction of a "new spelling" of Indian words. Nevertheless I am afraid that the author will draw upon himself not only the anger of such eminent etymologists and philologists as Sir William Hunter and Colonel Malleson, against whom he tilts, but the kind of would-be learned contempt of those who, having no originality of their own, would fain make themselves conspicuous by their "vagaries of orthography" in the matter of foreign words.

It is always a ticklish thing to meddle with spelling, unless one can present the subject as Mr. Toole did in his "Spelling Bee." Mr. Hankin, though infinitely more serious, is nearly as amusing. His main contention is that the innovation is likely to frighten ordinary people, and especially those who in the present crisis of Indian affairs would wish to know a little more about the dusky subjects of Queen Victoria than they do know; but Mr. Hankin's obviously good intentions will not save him from attack. Sir William Hunter will scarcely forgive him for having published the following story: "It is said that Sir William, in the course of his remaining of the great Indian peninsula, came across a place named Hookeytollah. Now 'tollah' is a common enough Indian termination, and Sir William scented another example of that bad old phonetic spelling which he had set out to extirpate. 'Ah!' he said, 'not 'Hookey,' of course, but 'Huki,' which he proceeded to derive in the most approved philological manner from an Indian root, and 'Hukittollah,' it would have been in the 'Imperial Gazetteer of India' had not a friend written to Sir William to warn him that Hookeytollah had been so called after an Englishman named or nicknamed Hookey."

The disappointment to Sir William must have been fully as cruel as that of the archaeologist who came upon "Cesar's Nile" somewhere in Norfolk, and was just beginning to give an ornate and learned description of it when a labourer informed him that the supposed archaeological relic was the handiwork of a local carpenter named Bill Cesar. Sir William has, to a certain extent, only himself to blame; the difficulties of our orthography and pronunciation are assuredly sufficiently great not to add to them by a revolution in our Indian nomenclature. For it unquestionably beats the comprehension of the ordinary man, not to say that of the educated foreigner, why "Marjoribanks" should be pronounced "Marchbanks" and "Cholmondeley" "Chumley," why "marriage" should contain two *r*'s in English and only one in French, and why, on the other hand, "enemy" should be spelt with only *n* in our tongue and with two *n*'s in that of our neighbours across the Channel.

Sir William may contend that those difficulties only exist in the case of the partly educated. I beg to differ from him. Madame de Sévigné was, without a doubt, one of the best educated women of her time, yet she frankly confessed that her "letters" would become a labour to her if she had to pay strict attention to the orthography of every word. M. de Salvandy, the Minister of Public Education of Louis Philippe, was at one time very much concerned at the indifferent spelling of some of his subordinates. His patience being exhausted, he wrote on the margin of a report full of mistakes, syntactical as well as grammatical: "On devrait bien au moins respecter l'orthographe"; *Anglice*: "The least thing one can do is to show some respect for orthography." But he himself simply omitted the indispensable *H*.

Sir William is probably not aware that to point out a mistake in a man's spelling gives him a great deal of pain, for, he, the culprit, knows that, rightly or wrongly, such an error stamps him in the eyes of the commonplace as an ignoramus, although the assumption is by no means founded on fact. I, for one, know a very clever and exceedingly scholarly journalist who cannot spell. He is very sensitive on the subject, and unlike a worthy Welsh Baronet, a member of one of the Parliaments of William IV. The "worthy Welsh Baronet," distinguished for his maritime exploits, was asked by one of his constituents who chanced to be in town at the time for an order of admission into the House. With his characteristic disposition to oblige, Sir — immediately complied with the request, and wrote an order in the usual terms, and addressed it thus: "To the Door Keeper of the House of Commons." The person for whom it was intended discovered the errors in the spelling after he had gone ten or twelve yards from the worthy Baronet, and turning back and running up to him said, "Oh, Sir —, there is a slight mistake in your order: two letters have been transposed; you have spelt a 'Keeper' with a C instead of a K and 'Commons' with a K instead of a C." "That's all right," was the answer, "the doorkeeper will see to it. He is sure to know which is which." He was a grand M.P. that worthy Welsh Baronet, almost as grand as that Kaiser who declared himself to be above grammar; but since the Board schools have done their best or their worst, people are not so callous, and there should be no new spelling if one can help it.

The attractions of Dover as a seaside resort or a resting-place en route for the Continent have received an important addition in the opening of the renovated Hotel Burlington. When the hotel was purchased it was decided to reconstruct and remodel it throughout after the fashion of a well-appointed country home, with all the most modern improvements, under the architectural supervision of Messrs. Murray and Foster. A special feature of the hotel is that all the rooms and corridors are very light; there are no dark rooms; no rooms looking into borrowed light courts or inner courtyards. Each room has a delightful view, that from the south and east rooms commanding the whole of Dover Bay, while the others look upon beautifully laid-out gardens, picturesque hill scenery, and the castle and cliffs for which Dover is so deservedly celebrated. The decorations of the interior have been carried out by Messrs. Maple.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2771 received from Corporal G. A. Gilbert (Penang); of No. 2775 from G. A. M. (Penang) and Corporal G. A. Gilbert; of No. 2776 from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah), Thos. E. Laurent (Bombay), Corporal G. A. Gilbert (Penang), and C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2777 from T. E. Laurent (Bombay) and Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2778 from C. E. H. (Clifton); of No. 2779 from W. P. K. (Clifton), W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham), and C. E. H. (Clifton); of No. 2780 from J. F. Moon, C. Rowbottom, Mr. Wilson (Plymouth), R. H. Crofton, and W. B. Muir (Manchester).

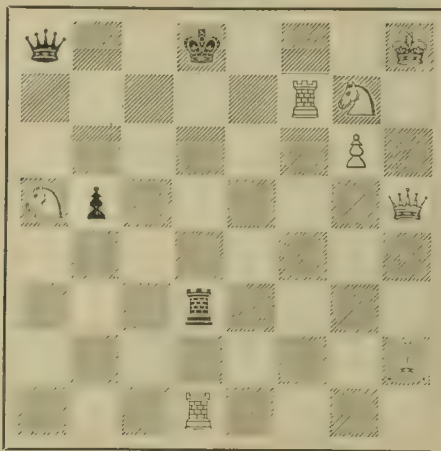
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2781 received from F. J. Candy (London), F. Anderson, M. A. Eyre, Sorrento, R. H. Brooks, F. Glenville, W. H. Muir (Manchester), F. Hooper (Plymouth), J. F. Moon, F. Howard, C. A. B. W. P. K. (Clifton), C. E. Perugini, T. Batty (Colchester), N. J. Col. Miss D. Gregory (Grange-over-Sands), Shadrach, A. Percy Osborne, F. A. Carter (Malden), John F. Wilkinson (Rochdale), Burleigh (Brighton), W. Clark, Huet, P. B. Womersley, J. Schooling, G. L. Johnson (Hastings), C. A. Hill (Liverpool), H. Le Jeune, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. H. B. (Clifton), Alan Margates, Fred J. Gross, T. C. D. S. Davis (Leicester), J. Bailey (Newark), T. G. (Ware), Dr. Morrison (Tunell Park), J. Hall, Alpha, Edith Holmes (Aston), Frank Sinclair, Thomas Isaacs (Malden), T. Roberts, G. Swedenbank (Bradford), P. L. Crooks (Manchester), E. M. H. Crofton, and John G. Lord (Castleton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2780.—By W. S. FENOLLOBA.

WHITE. 1. P (at B 5th) takes P. 2. Q takes B. 3. 4 or B mates accordingly. If Black play 1. K to K 4th; 2. Q to B 3rd; if 1. B to Q 2nd; 2. Q to Q 5th; and if 1. B elsewhere; then 2. Q to Q 8th (ch), K moves; 3. Q to Q 4th mates.

PROBLEM No. 2783.—By D. MACKAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between Messrs. H. E. Bird and F. J. Lee.

(Glasgow Pawns.)

| | | | |
|---|----------------|---|---------------------------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) | WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | could not then have played Kt to R 4th on | defence of the reply Kt takes P, etc. |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 15. P takes P | Kt to R 4th |
| 3. B to R 4th | B to B 4th | 16. P takes P | P takes P |
| 4. P to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | 17. Kt to R 4th | Q to B 3rd |
| 5. P to Q Kt 4th | | 18. Kt to R 2nd | Kt (R 4) to B 5th |
| 1. It is more usual to play P to Q 4th or P | | 19. K to R sq | K to R sq |
| to Q 3rd at this stage, but White favours | | 20. B takes Kt | Kt takes B |
| the advance of the Queen's side Pawns. | | 21. Kt to K 3rd | B to Q 2nd |
| 6. P to Q 3rd | P to K 3rd | 22. B takes B | Q takes B |
| 7. B to K 5th | Kt to K 2nd | 23. Kt to B 3rd | Q to R sq |
| 8. Castles | | 24. Kt to B 5th | K to R 2nd |
| 9. If instead B takes Kt, doubling the | | 25. K to R 2nd | B to K 3rd |
| hedge Pawns, Black has good play for | | 26. P to K 3rd | B to Q 6th |
| for a King's side attack. | | 27. Kt (at B 3) to Q 4 | |
| 10. Q Kt to Q 2nd | Kt to Kt 3rd | This loses; but White had no satisfactory | |
| 11. B to K 3rd | P to K 3rd | defence. | |
| 12. R to K sq | P to B 2nd | 28. P takes Kt | P takes Kt |
| 13. P to Q 4th | Q to K 2nd | 29. R to K 2nd | P to Kt 3rd |
| 14. P to K R 3rd | B to K 3rd | 30. Kt to Kt 3rd | P to K R 4th |
| 15. Q to B 2nd | | 31. P to B 5th | Q to K 4th |
| This allows Black to establish a Kt at | | 32. P takes P (ch) | P takes P |
| K B 5th, after which his game is prefer- | | 33. P to K R 4th | B takes P |
| able. Q to K 2nd was better, as Black | | | |

Black wins.

Game played between PRINCE DADIAN, of Mingrelia, and another AMATEUR.

(Centre Gambit.)

| | | | |
|-------------------|------------------|---|------------------|
| WHITE (Prince D.) | BLACK (Amateur.) | WHITE (Prince D.) | BLACK (Amateur.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 1. The object is to get to the King's side by | |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 2. Obviously R takes Kt results in a simple | |
| 3. P to K B 4th | R to Kt 5th (ch) | mate in two. | |
| 4. P to B 3rd | P takes P | 19. K to R 8 | K to R 8 |
| 5. Kt takes P | Kt to K 2nd | 20. B takes P (ch) | K takes B |
| 6. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Q 3rd | 21. P to B 4th (ch) | K to K 3rd |
| 7. B to B 4th | P to Q 4th | 22. Q to R 5th | B to K 3rd |
| 8. P takes P | B takes Kt (ch) | 23. B takes P | Q to Q 3rd |
| 9. P takes B | P takes P | 24. Kt to B 5th | Resigns. |
| 10. B to Q 3rd | Q to B 2nd | | |
| 11. Castles | | | |

The correct method of continuing such a game, as one or two defensive moves lose.

11. B to K 3rd Q takes Q B P
12. B to Q 4th Q takes P
This move seems to invite attack, but

If the lead set by our American cousins in reducing the prices of cycles is still the subject of much discussion. The common-sense view of the position may be summed up in a few words. The extraordinary demand of the immediate past offered an excellent opportunity for many makers to sell second-grade cycles at figures which would only be warranted when dealing with the very best, and many cycles were never worth the prices which they realised. The prices from the very first were bound to fall. But a good machine has always been obtainable at a reasonable price by those whose purse is limited, and it can hardly be assumed that those who can afford to pay for a more highly finished article will not continue to do so in the purchase of bicycles any more than in the case of other luxuries. Such, at least, is the opinion of so well established a firm of cycle-makers as Messrs. Humber, who announce that they will still produce the costliest machines as well as the low-priced ones for which their works at Coventry, Wolverhampton, and Beeston have long been noted.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the things they "manage much better," not in France, but in America, is the publication of the reports of the Experimental Stations devoted to the investigation of agricultural problems. I have before me a batch of reports recently issued by the Hatch Station of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and among them is an exceedingly interesting report on "The Habits, Food, and Economic Value of the American Toad." This report constitutes Bulletin No. 46. The title-page of each bulletin announces that the reports "will be sent free to all newspapers in the State, and to such individuals interested in farming as may request the same." In this way American enterprise of a scientific kind keeps the farmer up to date in the latest results of all experimentation in fruit-growing and grafting, in the destruction of injurious insects, and in all details that relate to the art of cultivating the soil.

Mr. A. A. Kirkland, M.S., Assistant Entomologist to the Gypsy-Moth Committee (another illustration of enterprise in dealing with an insect pest), has written the bulletin before me, and has dealt in a very satisfactory manner with the place of the toad (its American name is *Bufo lentiginos Americanus*) in agriculture. He has investigated the whole folk-lore and zoological history of the amphibian, and has summed up pro and con its value to the farmer and gardener. I am glad to say the "yeas" have it in the matter of the toad's utility. The "nays" are not very formidable. Here they are. The toad may destroy beetles, which are the farmer's friends; it devours an occasional ladybird and ichneumon fly; it may eat spiders; and it likes carrion beetles, which "are indirectly helpful to man." Against these bits of unfavourable evidence we have a whole series of useful exploits to be credited to the toad. He devours worms, snails, and sow-bugs, which are the pests of the greenhouse. He eats the millepedes or centipede-like forms which damage plants; and to some extent he will favour grasshoppers and crickets as items in his bill of fare. For ants, the toad has a great weakness, and ants are highly destructive and obnoxious intruders; and any number of May-beetles, dung-chafers, gypsy-moths, potato-beetles, cucumber-beetles, and the like are disposed of by our amphibian.

Eleven per cent. of the toad's food in America is composed of creatures which are beneficial to man; and 87 per cent. is composed of actually injurious insects. Mr. Kirkland may well say that "further comment upon the valuable services of the toad would seem unnecessary." And so say I. The English experiences of the toad are essentially similar, only prejudice, alas! makes everybody, save an intelligent gardener who knows things, kill the harmless and useful amphibian. The toad is an objection in the value of appearances. He is not prepossessing in looks, and superstition has burdened him with a long list of theoretical vices. He is "ugly and venomous" so said Will of Stratford, usually correct enough in other matters of zoology, but wrong in crediting the toad with poisonous properties, while ugliness is, after all, a relative term. Pliny speaks of "venomous toads." It was used as a supposed poison in medieval days, though, indeed, it was believed to carry in its head a precious remedy. A certain R. Bell, translating from Pliny, in a book called "The Wonders of Nature," dating from 1569, remarks that "there is found in the heads of old and great toades a stone which they call *borax* or *stolon*; it is most commonly found in the head of a *hee toade*, of power to repulse poisons." This is as bad a bit of inference as that of Sir Robert Moray, who told the Royal Society of Edinburgh that inside each barnacle on the seashore he found a perfect little goose coiled up. The perfect goose (of a larger size), it strikes one, was outside the barnacle altogether.

Modern opinions of a curious kind about the toad do not show much improvement on the ancient ideas. It is still regarded as venomous, its skin possessing merely acid properties; it is credited with producing warts on the hands if it be touched; its breath will cause convulsions in children—so the old women believe; but "a toad in the well," curiously enough, is said to improve the character of the water-supply. Between good and evil report the toad has not done well; and I hope Mr. Kirkland's bulletin will serve as an important brief for the defence, and save many a toad from summary jurisdiction and "Jeddart justice" both in his own land and in ours.

Last year in this column I advocated the recognition of Davos-Platz, in Switzerland, as a summer resort. A renewed experience leads me again to commend Davos as a health-giving place of excellent character. There is no more invigorating air than that one breathes in this upper valley, which teems with beauty, and which offers to the ordinary tourist, not possessed of phenomenal walking powers or hill-climbing propensities, a most varied choice of both exercises. Davos is now so easily and so cheaply reached that it should become more widely known. Every comfort is to be found in the little town, and the English colony found within its gates in summer is itself a feature of interest. There is no rushing about or crowding at Davos, and the man who wishes for the quietness of the eternal hills can satisfy his aspirations to the full. As regards hotel accommodation, that is perfect in its way. I should say Davos can easily accommodate a couple of thousand persons in its various hotels, ranging from Davos-Dorf to Davos itself. Nothing more beautiful have I ever seen than the view from my window in the Hotel Victoria—best of hostleries—looking up the valley; and I can speak from experience of the marvellously restorative effects of the Davos air. Besides, there are numerous excursions, all interesting, within easy range, and the mountain railway from Landquart lands one at Davos as easily as one is set down at, say, Charing Cross. If any of my readers are wishful for rest and change amid beautiful surroundings, let them take a ticket for Davos. They will go again, as I did.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1899), with two codicils (dated March 12, 1891, and June 15, 1893), of Mr. Thomas Arthur Hope, J.P., of 11, Airlio Gardens, Campden Hill, who died on May 7, was proved on July 28 by Charles Edward Hope and Collingwood Hope, the sons, and Reginald Bushell, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £177,496. The testator gives £20,000, upon trust, for his son Samuel Thomas Hope and his wife and children; £20,000, upon trust, for his son William Hope; £30,000, upon trust, for his son Bateman Hope; £15,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Harriet Selina Hope, Mary Hope, Rebekah R. Hope, Caroline Bushell, and Augusta Richmond; £2000 to his daughter Caroline Bushell; £1000 to his clerk, Thomas Crane; £1000 to Reginald Bushell; £500 to the trustees of the Independent Chapel, Middleton-by-Youlgrave, Dorby, to augment the salary of the minister; and legacies to children, friends, and servants. He devises his share of the Charitable Institution House (Slater Street, Liverpool) to his son Arthur. Under the powers contained in the wills of his uncle, William Hope, and of his father, Samuel Hope, he appoints £3000 each to the three children of his deceased daughter Emily Harper, and the remainder of the funds to his sons Arthur, Charles Edward, and Collingwood. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said three sons, Arthur, Charles Edward, and Collingwood. The late Mr. Hope desired to be buried at Liverpool and without display.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1895), with a codicil (dated Oct. 21, following), of the Hon. James Master Owen Byng, D.L., J.P., of Great Chilverdon, Tunbridge Wells, who died on May 21, was proved on July 31 by the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Louisa Byng, the widow, Rear-Admiral Charles Davis Lucas, V.C., and Sir Charles Pontifex, Bart., K.C.I.E., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £128,867. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, furniture, plate, china, glass, books, articles of vertu, articles of personal, domestic, and household use or ornament, wines, horses, carriages, farming stock, and the cash in the house and upon current account with his bankers, to his wife; his shares in the Phoenix Fire Office to his niece, Mrs. Frances Russell Lucas; his shares in the Universal Life Assurance Office to Rear-Admiral Lucas; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death his Tunbridge Wells property, including certain mortgage securities, is to go as his wife shall appoint; and his shares and stock in the Dublin Whisky Distillers Company and his freehold property at Dover to his great-nephew George Master Byng, ninth Viscount Torrington, on his attaining his majority. He further bequeaths at his wife's death conditional legacies of £10,000 each, upon trust, for Hilaire Caroline Matheson Lucas, Frances Byng Lucas, and Caroline Louisa Lucas, the three daughters of his niece Mrs. Frances Russell Lucas; £3000 to his wife's nephew, George Gribble; £400 to his butler, Thomas Waghorn; and annuities to his wife's maid and to a housemaid. The

freehold hereditaments belonging to him in the parish of Streatham, formerly comprised in a settlement of July 27, 1867, he devises on the death of his wife to the uses and upon the trusts of the said settlement. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his niece Mrs. Lucas, for life; then for her husband, Rear-Admiral Lucas, for his life; and upon the death of the survivor for the children or remoter issue of his said niece as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1895) of Mr. John Orwell Phillips, of Weybridge Common, and 44, Grosvenor Street, for thirty-two years Secretary and General Manager of the Gas Light and Coke Company, who died on June 25, was proved on July 29 by James McKelvie and Joseph Reeson, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £70,633. The testator gives £250 and his pictures, plate, jewels, household furniture, carriages and horses, to his wife Mrs. Anna Maria Phillips; £100 and an annuity of £300 to his daughter Jane Margaret Phillips, and £52 10s. each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, then upon trust for his daughter for her life, and at her death to her children as she shall by her last will and testament appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1895), with a codicil dated Aug. 25, 1896, of Mr. George Buchanan, F.R.G.S., of Towerfields, Keston, Kent, and 16, Kensington Gore, who died on June 7, was proved on July 29 by Mrs. Gertrude Buchanan, the widow, Colonel Lewis Mansergh Buchanan, C.B., the brother, Joseph Armitage Armitage, and Edward Herbert Armitage, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £49,303. The testator bequeaths £3500, his household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £300 to his wife, and a sum of £7500 is to be held, upon trust, for her for life, and at her decease £500 is to go to the Benevolent Fund of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and the remaining £7000 to his niece and adopted daughter, Alice Buchanan. He further bequeaths an annuity of £250 to his sister Jane Elizabeth Buchanan; £100 and an annuity of £100 to his brother Alexander Carlisle Buchanan; an annuity of £100 to his sister Elizabeth Eleanor Buchanan; an annuity of £120 to his former manager, Edward Mansergh Blacker; £300 and his office furniture, etc., to his manager, Joseph Patchett; £500 to Joseph Armitage Armitage; £250 to Edward Herbert Armitage, and other legacies. Subject to the life interest of his wife, he appoints a sum of £3000 to his nephews George Buchanan and John Blacker Buchanan, and his niece Mary Heckels. He devises his freehold properties called The Poplars, Towerfields, and Hollybush to his brother, Colonel Lewis M. Buchanan, but charged with the payment of £700 to his nephew Ernest, and £400 each to his nephews and nieces, Mansergh, Culvert, Ethel, Mary, and Nellie. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother, Colonel Buchanan.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1895) of the Right Hon. Edward Charles Baring, Baron Revelstoke, of 37, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and Membrand Hall, Plympton, Devon, who died on July 17, was proved on Aug. 3 by the

Hon. John Baring, now second Lord Revelstoke, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £35,422. The testator appoints all the residue and remainder of the legacy portion and sums of money remaining subject to the trusts of the will of his late father, Henry Baring, to the trustees of his (the testator's) marriage settlement, and he further appoints the funds of such settlement to his children, other than his eldest son, John, his son Cecil, and his daughters, Lady Castlerosse and the Hon. Margaret Spencer. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons, the present Lord Revelstoke and the Hon. Cecil Baring, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 13, 1894) of the Hon. Charles Alexander Gore, of West Side, The Common, Wimbledon, who died on July 6, was proved on Aug. 2 by Francis Charles Gore, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £33,459. Subject to a gift to the Wimbledon Charity Almshouse Endowment Fund of his twenty shares in the Wimbledon Cottage Society, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, Augusta Countess of Kerry, for life. At her decease he gives £5000 each to his sons, William Spencer Gore and the Rev. Charles Gore, Canon of Westminster; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Emily Gore; and £100 each to his children, Charles, William, Emily, and Caroline. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Francis Charles Gore. On the death of his sister, Lady Emily Gore, he appoints £2000 each to his sons, William and Charles, and to his daughter Caroline Lascelles.

The will (dated July 10, 1895) of Mr. Edward James Stone, of the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, Astronomer of the Radcliffe Trust, who died on May 9, was proved on July 26 by Mrs. Grace Stone, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £27,019. The testator devises his freehold estates at Bow Common and Birmingham, upon trust, for his wife for life; then for his son Rupert for life, and then to all his children; and his freehold cottages at West Ham, Essex, upon trust, for his son Rupert and his children. He gives £500 and his furniture and household effects to his wife. On his son Rupert attaining twenty-one, he gives to him £7000, and he settles £3000 each on his daughters on their attaining twenty-one or marrying. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then to his son Rupert.

The will (dated July 6, 1893) of Captain James Gilbert Johnston, J.P., of 39, Hyde Park Square, who died on July 13, was proved on July 30 by Lieutenant-Colonel James Taylor Johnston, the nephew, and Clement Upperton, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,053. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to his nephews, Richard Collyer Johnston, Herbert Dent Johnston, and George Robert Johnston; £2000 each to his nieces, Mary Harris Louis, and Rose Susan Johnston; £1000 to his niece, Mrs. Letitia Hunter, wife of General Hunter, R.E.; £1000 to his late wife's nephew, Charles Garner Richardson; £1500, upon trust, for his nephew, Captain Charles James

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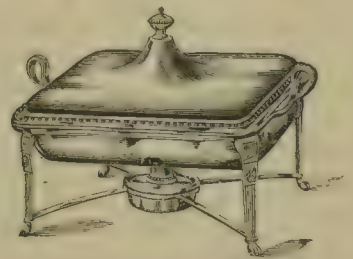
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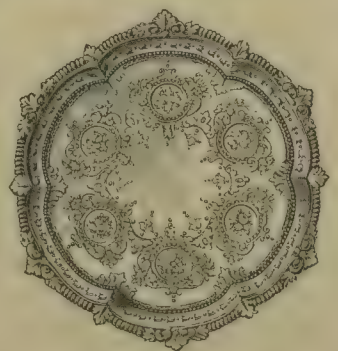
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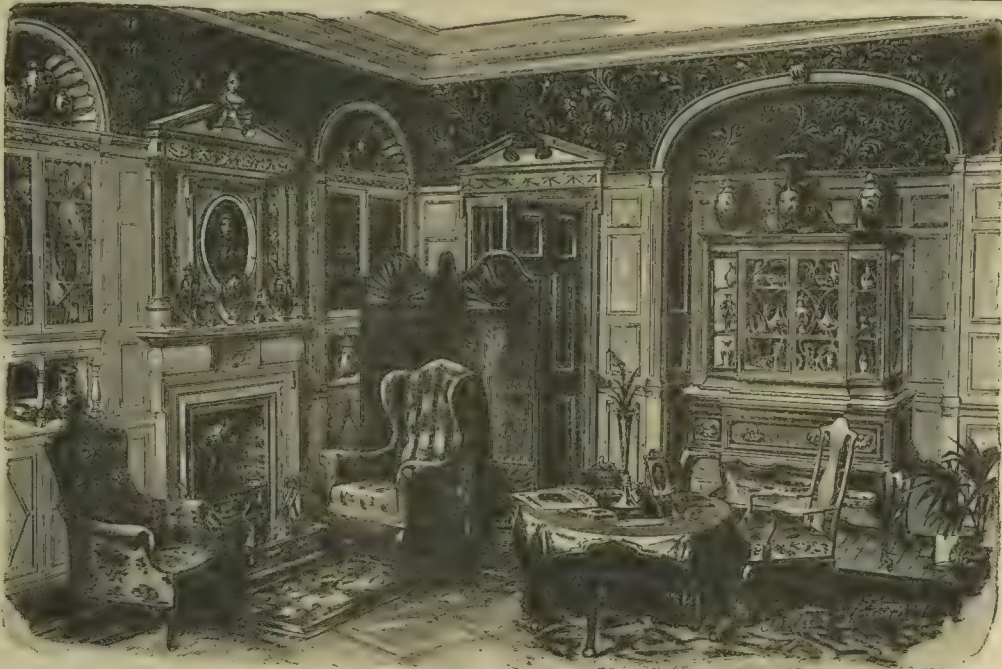
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The will (dated Aug. 4, 1887) of the Hon. George Frederick Nugent Greville, J.P., D.L., of 4, Chester Square, M.P. for Longford, 1870-74, who died on May 11, was proved on July 31 by the Hon. Cecil Aitchison Greville, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £13,717. The testator leaves all his property to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1895) of Colonel Huntley Bacon, J.P., of Apton Hall, Rochford, Essex, who died on June 10, was proved on July 27 by Mrs. Laura Mary Bacon, the widow, and Charles Thomas Orford, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £8817. Subject to a legacy to his wife and an annuity to his gardener, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate upon trust for his wife, for life, and then to his daughter, Vera Marguerite Bacon.

The will of Lieutenant Henry Charlton Chaworth-Musters, of Wiverton Hall, Notts, who died on Feb. 21 last, has been proved by John Patricius Chaworth-Musters, the brother, and W. T. Cartwright, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £15,771.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Charles Henry Gernon, J.P., of 31, Vernon Terrace, Brighton, and the United Service Club, who died on Dec. 8 last, was proved on July 26 by Mrs. Edith Maria Gernon, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £633.

An Industrial and Art Exhibition at Lancaster, commemorating the Queen's Jubilee year, was opened by the Earl of Derby, Lord Lieutenant of the County Palatine, on Saturday.

The stone cross erected on High Down, Freshwater, as a memorial of the late Lord Tennyson's residence in the Isle of Wight, was unveiled by the Dean of Westminster on Friday, and was consecrated, as a beacon for mariners, to the care of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, who were represented by Rear-Admiral Stewart. The Archbishop of Canterbury took part in a special religious service.

ART NOTES.

Twice only since the institution of the annual exhibitions of the Paris Salon has the *médaille d'honneur* been awarded for pure landscape. The first to carry off this much-coveted prize was F. L. Français in 1878, and the second was his pupil, H. Harpignies, to whom it was assigned this year by the *jury d'honneur* for his picture entitled "Solitude," now to be seen, gratis, at Messrs. Obach's gallery (Cockspar Street). Those who have time and the love of landscape should not miss the opportunity of seeing to what high degree of poetic as well as artistic perfection the *doyen* of French artists, M. Harpignies, now seventy-eight years of age, has brought the painting of pure landscape. The scene is laid on the Upper Loire, where the stream, already of some size, tumbles through the woods and over rocks. The sun is setting just behind the rising upland, and its parting beams have caught the trunks of the old trees and the moss-covered stones. The golden haze suffusing sky and land, softening everything, is painted with consummate skill and with exquisite feeling, and shows to what heights landscape painting can soar under the brush of a capable artist. When we recollect the "tea-boards" which some of our prominent, and even pushing, painters placed on the walls of Burlington House, one may hazard a guess at one of the reasons for M. Harpignies's exclusion.

It would seem that French thieves and housebreakers, when searching for art treasures, are more or less affected by the genius of their spoils. Last month an enterprising but undiscovered personage managed to effect an entry into the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, and to carry off the famous Goudard collection of over eight thousand Roman coins. Instead of rushing off with them to the melting-pot, he seems to have wandered about the other interesting relics of antiquity for which the old Provençal city is famous; and after some hesitation selected the immediate neighbourhood of the Tourmagne—that still unexplained enigma of the past—for a hiding-place. The spoiler of the Maison Carrée, in his choice, seems to have leant to the views of those archaeologists who maintain that the Tourmagne was a treasure-house in Roman or pre-Roman times. At any rate, he used it as such, for the whole collection was found stowed away here, and has now been once more replaced in its more usual and accessible show-cases.

The authorities responsible for the selection of the keepers of the Tate Gallery and Hertford Collection may be

congratulated upon their choice. In their respective lines—Mr. Charles Holroyd as an etcher and Mr. Claude Phillips as a writer—both gentlemen have rendered substantial services to art, and it is with especial satisfaction that one lauds this recognition of literary capacity. Possibly, if ever a few spare crumbs fall from the table of the Old Masters, Mr. Holroyd will be called upon to show his skill as a buyer of pictures of the English school, but his chances of distinction in this respect are at least remote. For Mr. Claude Phillips's talents there is a more immediate scope, for no one is better acquainted with the French school of painting, and we shall look forward with some impatience to his catalogue of the Wallace Collection, which he will approach without prejudice from the enterprise of any forerunner.

The inauguration of the Tate Gallery, however, has not been allowed to pass without arousing considerable misgivings as to the real intentions of its nominal managers—the Trustees of the National Gallery. The unfortunate combination of the offices of Director of the National Gallery and President of the Royal Academy in one person has probably facilitated, if it did not absolutely provoke, the transfer of the Chantry pictures to the new gallery. It is no answer to say that while at the South Kensington Museum these pictures were in the custody of the State and of State-paid officials. South Kensington Museum was specially intended to give temporary shelter to loan collections, and although the period to which such loans are generally limited had been relaxed, as in the case of the Chantry pictures, they were prominently advertised as being "on loan" from the Royal Academy.

The agents of the Louvre for more than a year have been negotiating with the administrators of the Hospital of Santa Maria Novella at Florence for the purchase of the whole, or at least for a part, of their pictures. The chief object of the French experts was the large picture of the Nativity by Hugo van der Goes, well known to all who had visited the Hospital. By some chance—or by newspaper indiscretion—the negotiations with the needy hospitaliers leaked out, and pressure was brought to bear upon the Italian Government to prevent the pictures from leaving Florence. Doubtless our Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his brimming coffers, will learn with sorrow mingled with contempt that the impecunious Italian Government has just asked the Chamber to vote

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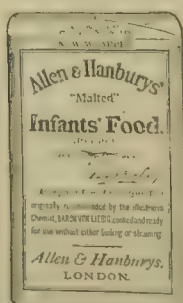
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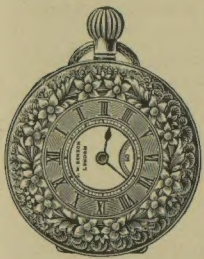
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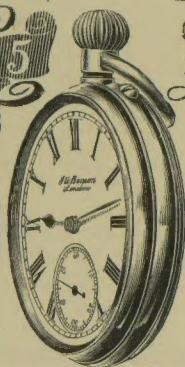
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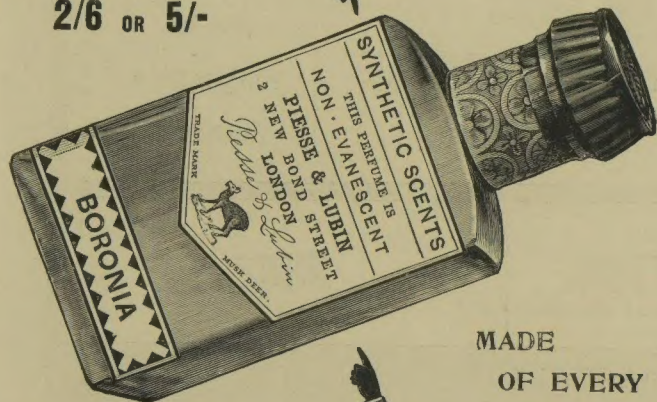
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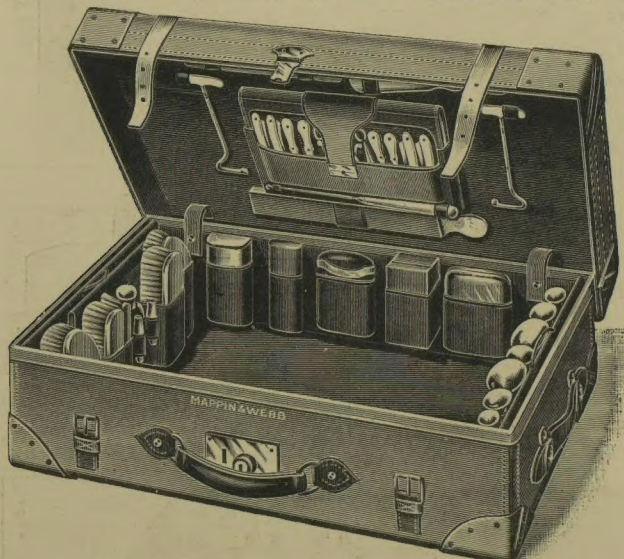


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In no country is there greater scope for the goldsmith's and silversmith's art than in our own, and in no country, perhaps, is that art at a lower level. We have races, regattas, rifle meetings, not to mention athletic sports of all kinds, at which cups and trophies form the chief prizes; but even this amount of patronage, unexampled in any other country, fails to raise the level of the work or to stimulate originality of design. Quite recently the want of success of all private endeavours to infuse a proper spirit of emulation among the craftsmen has been the subject of public discussion. The schools of instruction established by the Goldsmiths' Company, the City Guilds Institute, and the managers of the Goldworkers' School at Birmingham have all been conspicuous failures, attracting few pupils at the outset, and losing these after a short course of instruction. No reasonable explanation is forthcoming beyond the natural impatience of youth of all restraint, and the knowledge that the work done by the existing craftsmen is well paid and can suffer little from foreign competition. Can it be that the one branch of industry which enjoys absolute

protection is perishing for want of the very stimulus which other trades declare to be so fatal to their well-being? The removal of the practical prohibition of the importation of foreign gold and silver plate might be the saving of an art industry in which this country in former times held a conspicuous place.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishops have given a qualified approval to the Higher Criticism. They say that faith is in serious danger if it refuses to face questions that may be raised either on the authority or on the genuineness of any part of the Scriptures that have come down to us. The *Guardian* gives an account of a respected clergyman in the West, the Rev. S. H. Berkeley, of Heavitree, in which it says that when Mr. Berkeley was asked his opinion about the Higher Criticism, he replied that the movement had caused him great pain, not on account of the questions raised, for he welcomed all true scientific inquiry, however startling its results, but on account of the general lack of faith evinced by the outcry against the critics.

The first priest to revive the use of vestments in the Church of England, the Rev. Leicester Darwall, has passed away at the ripe age of eighty-four. He spent

fifty-two years in a small country parish in Montgomeryshire. Mr. Darwall was not in full sympathy with the advanced High Church party of the present day, but might rather be termed one of the old-fashioned High Church school of thought.

A new series of the Oxford House papers has been issued, containing some good articles, the most notable being "The Athanasian Creed," by Canon Gore; "Church and State," by the Bishop of London; "The Old Testament an Essential Part of the Revelation of God," by Professor Lock; and "The Canon of the New Testament," by Professor Sanday.

One of the most active correspondents of the *Guardian*, the Rev. Abner Brown, M.A., of Kettering, is dead, at the age of sixty-two. He held various curacies, and for the last six years of his life lived in Kettering. In politics he was a pronounced Home Ruler, and was often seen on the platform at Liberal meetings. He was a member of the English Church Union. Mr. Brown was fond of walking, and has been known to accomplish fifty miles in a day.

The *Toronto Church Evangelist* says that the Rev. John Hale, when in charge of the parish of Point Edward, left the Church of England and joined the Presbyterians. In

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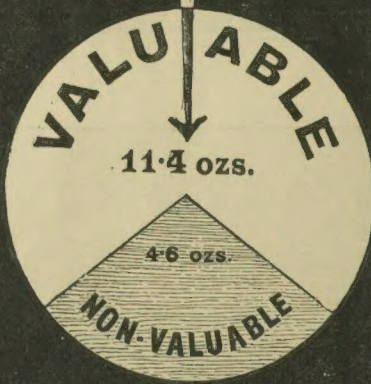
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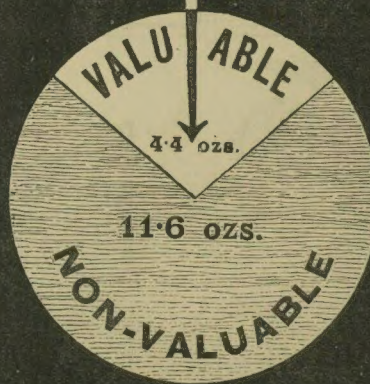
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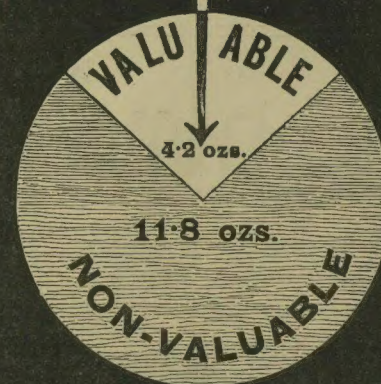
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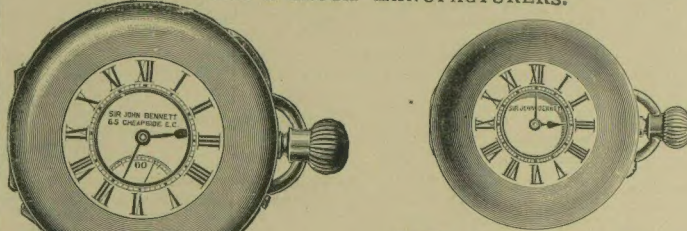
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June 1896 he was received back into the Church and sentenced to a year's suspension. He has now been appointed to the parish of Heathcote, in the diocese of Huron.

The Evangelicals are naturally not pleased with the appointment of Dr. Browne to the Bishopric of Bristol. They had counted upon one of themselves, and Archdeacon Sinclair had been prominently named. The *Church Times* approves of Dr. Browne's appointment, and hopes that he will assert himself as a High Churchman.

"A Rural Dean" writes to the *Guardian* suggesting that the managing committee of the Poor Clergy Corporation should resign. "Having for so long a period neglected their duties, they have inflicted incalculable injury upon the poor clergy and upon the institution they undertook to preserve, and the one atonement possible now

seems to be a resignation of a trust which longer to hold would be to intensify the harm already done." Another subscriber writes to say that he hopes that no hushing up will be attempted, and that the whole machinery of the society should be bared, not to the world at large, but to the subscribers. Otherwise there will be an ugly diminution in the funds.

Canon Gore writes to the *Guardian* criticising Dr. Gifford's very able and learned treatise on the Incarnation.

The Rev. John Woods, late Vicar of Barnoldswick, having been fined twenty-five shillings by the magistrates for preaching against Ritualism in the Church of England on the Blackpool promenade, refused payment, stating that he had done what was right in the sight of God, and would not pay an unjust penalty. A

portion of his furniture was sold under a distress warrant, and bought in by a friend as a protest against the state of the law.

The attendance tables of members at divisions in the House of Commons during the past Session are being published in various provincial papers. In the North of England the lists have been accompanied by some stern editorial notes. Mr. George Balfour can take his holidays with a good conscience, for his name is down for 328 votes where a number of his colleagues from Yorkshire do not make their century even. Mr. Jackson has been so fully employed otherwise as Chairman of the South Africa Committee that not the most exacting politician in North Leeds will complain that his passages through the voting-lobby are only sixty-two. In Derbyshire Mr. Victor Cavendish heads the list, and in Lincolnshire Mr. Chaplin.

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EASY TERMS. **THE JUNO**
RIGID, LIGHT, SWIFT.
Write for New Season List of JUNO Cycles and Cycle Sundries; sent Post Free to any part of the world.
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N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.
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IT WON'T BE TYPED
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CONNOLLY'S Ideal
RUBBER CARRIAGE TYRES
ASK YOUR COACHBUILDER ABOUT THEM.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
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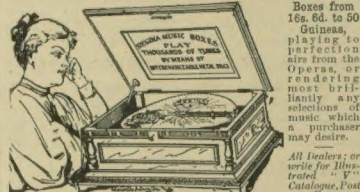
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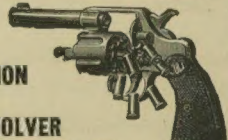
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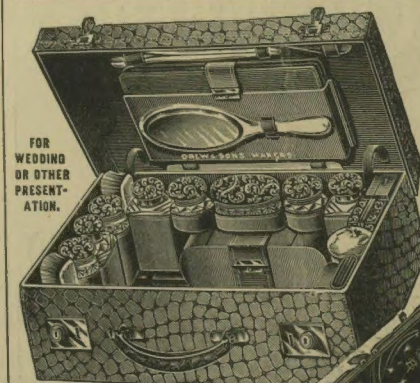
MEANS for Destroying Superfluous Hair from Face or Hands by post, is 3s. 6d. When hair is coarse the German process should be used, price 6s. When the hair is strong, electric apparatus, 3s. When hair has been tampered with, cauterising, 10s. 6d. Sent by post. Letters invited: stamped envelope for reply.—ALEX. ROSS, 62, Theobald's Road, Holborn, London.

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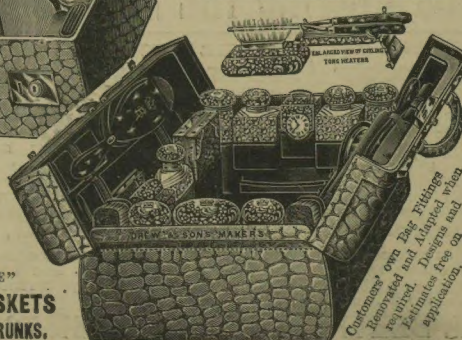
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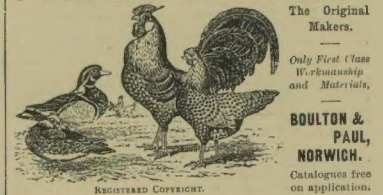
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